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THE IMPERIAL MANIFESTO.

THE important State Paper which has at length been issued from the French Foreign Office is plainly intended much more for the eye of the public at home than for the ear of the Foreign Ministers of other nations. It is the EMPEROR's *apologia* to his subjects for having permitted a great European war to come to an end without gaining either military glory or territorial plunder for France. And, although essentially apologetic, there are portions of it in which one can scarcely help noticing a certain delicate underlying flavour of rebuke. Now and then the spirit of remonstrance rises unmistakably to the surface. It cannot be very agreeable to people who have been wailing over the extinction of minor States and their consolidation into great Powers ever since the Italian campaign of 1859, to be told in so many words that "political science should rise above the narrow and paltry prejudices of a past age," and that the EMPEROR refuses to believe "that the greatness of one country depends upon the weakening of neighbouring peoples." Perhaps it might be more just to say that the passages which the Circular contains in this spirit are designed less as a deferential rebuke to the people than as an appeal to them from the Liberals of the literary class. The truly pitiful and base attitude habitually assumed by rhetoricians like M. THIERS, and recently by other Liberals who are usually free from the frantic national vanity of M. THIERS, is about the most disgraceful feature in recent politics. Professing a staunch belief in Liberal principles, they petulantly and splenetically inveigh against every step in the movement which has, within the last seven years, done so much to enforce those principles. They lament the fall of Austria, the great centre and nurse of all that is reactionary and retrograde, both in government and religion, throughout Europe. They deplore the advance of Prussia, though that advance has been the means of dealing a mortal blow to the notion of Divine Right and aristocratic supremacy in the part of Europe where apparently it possessed most vitality. How could they fail to see that the recent dethronement of some of the small sovereigns in Germany, and the humiliation of the others, is in exact accordance with their own Liberal and democratic programme? The aristocracy at the Prussian Court were far more sharp-sighted. Their opposition to Count BISMARCK's annexation policy arose from an instinctive and just conviction that the displacement of the petty princes, although in favour of their own monarch, was a tampering with hereditary and aristocratic principle which must eventually lead to the overthrow of their order. The German aristocrats are wiser in their generation than their theorising opponents in France. The important question, which the Circular brings up very clearly, is whether the speculative and literary class represents the average sentiments of the nation. If it does, the Circular is a rebuke to the nation. If not, it is an appeal against the speculative and literary class to the silent sagacity of the great mass of people in the country. In England, at the present moment, we have an example, in the feeling about Jamaica, of the gulf which there may be between popular sentiment and the views of the literary leaders, and how little influence the latter have in distorting and corrupting the former. It may be the same in France, and while foreigners like ourselves have been perplexed at the temerity with which the EMPEROR has seemed to play fast and loose with strong popular impulses, it is just possible that there may have been no strong popular impulses at work.

This, however, is probably too good to be true. That a feeling of soreness and discomfort has prevailed to some extent in France, even among Imperial supporters, the fact of a Circular being issued at all is enough to prove. Nobody with any knowledge of human nature could have expected that the French people, with their vivid military traditions, their innate passion for all the glorious pomp

and circumstance of war, and their easily inflammable temper, would witness with undisturbed composure a war in which they had no part, and a redistribution of prizes none of which fell to their lot. Nations do not so easily forget their past achievements, or so tranquilly and instantaneously recognise the transformation of material into moral power. The French are always talking, and not empty either, about the influence of their ideas and the spread of their principles. But they have yet to acquire in their hearts a practical confidence in what they so often repeat with their lips. Evil traditions are more easily got rid of in imagination than in the actual face of conditions which demand that they should be practically laid aside. And the author of the Circular admits that France "wavers doubtfully between a desire for the preservation of peace and the hope of obtaining by war territorial extensions." His object is to convince the public—and he does not refrain from putting it very plainly and directly—that such territorial extensions can only take place, consistently with the Imperial policy, when "they do not affect the coherent power" of France; that is to say, when they are "annexations dictated by an absolute necessity, uniting to the country populations having the same customs, the same national spirit, as ourselves." Finally, the public is very gravely warned that France "must always strive for moral and political aggrandizement by employing her influence for the great interests of civilization."

All this is highly edifying so far as it goes. Nothing could be more true, and nothing better worth considering by the people to whom we take the Circular to be in fact, though not in form, directed. On the whole, the EMPEROR has shown a sincere sympathy with all the most powerful movements in the Liberal direction, ever since his sympathy could do them any good. But the language of the Circular is less reassuring by a great deal than it might have been. To tell us, for instance, that "France can only desire those territorial aggrandizements which will not affect her coherent power" is too vague for Europe, though it may not be inconveniently unintelligible for the French people, who may be supposed to know their own secret. Would the acquisition of the left bank of the Rhine possess this evil quality of affecting France's coherent power? Or is the national thirst for this desired land a disorder of which the EMPEROR wishes and undertakes to cure them? Then, again, there is some difficulty in interpreting the meaning of the various feelers which were put out before the victory of Sadowa had made Prussia for the hour invincible. The Circular tells us that "an irresistible power—can it be regretted?—impels people to unite themselves in great masses by causing the disappearance of minor States." Is Belgium likely to succumb before so terrible a force? Or Switzerland? And, curiously, this admiration for the irresistible power has grown up since the publication of the scheme which the *Presse* was allowed or instructed to propose, for taking away the left bank of the Rhine from Prussia and Bavaria, and entrusting these provinces to petty sovereigns, to be under a certain Protectorate. Asking, with admirable innocence or indignant simplicity, "what really could have been the object of a contest voluntarily entered upon with Prussia, necessarily with Italy," the author of the Circular answers almost contemptuously—"a conquest, a territorial aggrandizement." What then was the significance of the remarkable letter addressed by the EMPEROR after his speech at Auxerre to M. DROUYN DE LHUYS, in which he declared that, if anybody else got an accession of territory, he must have an increase of territory too? It is no further back than the 11th of June that this declaration was made. The territorial aggrandizement which now appears so unworthy an object was then a distinct condition of that annexation of minor States which now appears so necessary and satisfactory a result of an irresistible power. It is an excellent rule, in politics as in private life, to let bygones be bygones; only, in measuring the true worth and

significance of the Imperial Circular, the history of the Imperial policy for the past six months is an indispensable instrument. The speech at Auxerre, and the rescript to the then Foreign Minister, shed a copious light on the Circular, and prove at least that some of the chief conclusions which are taken for granted in the new manifesto have only been quite recently arrived at. Above all, however, the Circular offers no solution of that dark enigma—the demand which was made and rejected for the strip of territory conceded to France by the Allies in 1814, and withdrawn in 1815. We are still thrown back on the tame and prosaic explanation that the EMPEROR wanted the strip, but, finding he could not get it, pocketed the refusal until a more convenient season should arrive for preferring his demand with effect. This solution, besides being the most probable, is not by any means the least creditable that can be devised, but it is not one that is capable of being put in the form of a high-sounding *principe*. And no art seems capable of shaping it so as to fit in with the general structure of the Circular, on either of its two sides. The lofty disinterestedness of France, which is one of these sides, forbids any allusion to a greedy demand for what belongs to other people. The dignity of France, which is the reverse side, still more absolutely precludes any mention of the fact that the other people would not listen to the demand for an instant.

The only passage of the Circular which can be construed into a reference to this mysterious episode in the history of diplomacy is that in which the writer draws the moral of the war. "The results of the war," he says, "contain a grave lesson, and one which has cost nothing to the honour of our arms; they point to us the necessity, for the defence of our territory, of perfecting without delay our military organization." The insincerity of the pretext is unpleasantly plain in a document which, but for this and its unfortunate inconsistency with the conduct of France during the last six months, might have passed for a remarkably lofty State paper. The talk about the defence of French territory is especially hollow and incongruous when we remember that, in a previous paragraph, the writer, after enumerating the results of the war, says most truly that "a Europe more strongly constituted, rendered more homogeneous by more precise territorial divisions, is a guarantee for the peace of the Continent, and is neither a danger nor an injury to our nation." Then he recounts the numbers of the populations of some of the Continental Powers—Russia being omitted, seemingly because she would have to be placed above France in the list. "What is there in this distribution of European forces which can disquiet us?" Enough, apparently, to make them afraid of attacks on their territory. The Circular, having begun with a history of the dissolution of the Holy Alliance, and gone on to speak of the pride of France in her admirable unity and her indestructible nationality, asks eloquently, "By what singular reaction of the past should public opinion see, not the allies, but the enemies of France in those nations enfranchised from a past which was hostile to us, summoned to a new life, governed by principles which are our own, and animated by those sentiments of progress which are the peaceful bond of modern societies?" And from the peaceful bond we come, by a rude transition, to perfected military organization, defence of territory, and the energetic will of France "to maintain against all attempts its rank and influence in Europe." The patient lamb which took Savoy and Nice, and wanted to take the left bank of the Rhine and anything else it could get, warns the wolves of Europe that she will fly at them if they carry things too far against her. This paragraph, however, may be less a prognostic of the Imperial designs than a mere trick to soothe the "susceptibilities" of the nation. The important fact for Europe, and the disgraceful fact for France, is that she needs to be soothed, like an envious spoiled boy who kicks and cries because the boy next door has got nearly as big a clasp-knife as his own. Why has she no faith in "a policy which has generosity and moderation for its strength, in her imposing unity, her all-extended genius, her treasures and her credit which fertilize Europe"? The Circular does not explain this. It does not explain the hardest passages in recent French diplomacy. And, worse still, it introduces a new riddle. What are we to understand by the portentous statement that, "in withdrawing his troops from Rome, the EMPEROR will leave in their place, as a guarantee for the security of the HOLY FATHER, the protection of France"? The Circular throws no light on the past, and carefully withholds all clue to the future. It raises nearly every one of the questions which agitate Europe, and it answers none of them, nor suggests an answer it gives us

a momentary glimpse of each of the most gigantic transactions that are in course of preparation on the great political stage, and then instantly causes the curtain to drop.

#### THE REFORM DEMONSTRATIONS.

IT is difficult to ascertain the exact value of the Reform "Demonstrations" which are now taking place in the provincial towns. The exaggerated statistics of the attendance at them which are published, and the inflated language in which they are described, lead to the suspicion that their promoters are not always quite satisfied with their success. From all that we can learn, the leaders of local Liberal opinion usually stand somewhat at a distance from them. The precedent set in London was not of happy omen, and the leadership of EDMOND BEALES M.A. has not been largely accepted. That a vast number of people can be got together out of the dense crowds of the manufacturing districts to swell these assemblages is no doubt a fact noticeable in its way; but the aid of melodramatic machinery cannot be dispensed with. Saint Monday in next week is selected for a Great Reform Demonstration at Manchester, which may be considered typical. There are to be processions marching in columns under the inspiring and semi-martial excitement of bands and banners, converging to an open-air meeting on Camp Field; and there is to be an evening meeting at the Free Trade Hall, where Mr. BRIGHT will supply the firebrand indoors, while torchlight meetings are to be held simultaneously outside. A wily orator—or else SHAKESPEARE belies MARK ANTONY—made his game out of a popular demonstration bearing at least some superficial resemblance to this Manchester "programme":—

FIRST CITIZEN. With brands we'll fire the traitors' houses.

SECOND CITIZEN. Go, fetch fire.

THIRD CITIZEN. Pluck down benches.

FOURTH CITIZEN. Pluck down forms, windows, anything.

[Exeunt Citizens.]

ANTONY. Now let it work! Mischief, thou art afoot,  
Take thou what course thou wilt!

The same newspaper which gives us the promise of next Monday's blazing festivities around the Free Trade Hall contains a paragraph from America which may profitably be compared with it:—"One of the most ominous features of the whole affair [the Radical Convention at Philadelphia] is the fact that at midnight last night the magnificent clubhouse of the 'League' in Broad Street caught fire. This building has been, during the past week, the centre of the festivities attending the Radical Convention. Every evening huge mass meetings have been held in front of it, and the most lavish display of fireworks has been indulged in, and these probably set fire to it. . . . The Radicals charge the Conservatives with having set fire to the building." . . . With this experience of what comes of torchlight meetings in the middle of a large town, it may be doubted whether Manchester tradesmen and millowners will look altogether without apprehension on the Fiery Cross which is traversing the land. A cause which condescends to risk such perilous chances cannot claim a high moral confidence in itself; but those who openly declare their American sympathies can scarcely be debarred from adopting the American mode of expressing them. The hat of mendicancy is, we observe, already sent round to get "subscriptions towards meeting the heavy expenses connected with the Demonstration." A confession of insolvency before the shop is open will scarcely recommend the cause to the shrewd commercial mind.

A more serious question than the good taste of this Manchester meeting, or even than its possible danger to life and property, presents itself. The promoters do not affect to call a meeting; it is a "demonstration" which they intend; and the only thing that such a gathering can demonstrate is physical force. At a sort of rehearsal of what Manchester may look for next Monday—that is, at an open-air meeting of the Reform League in the same city last Tuesday night—Mr. ERNEST JONES observed "that Reform—and by Reform was meant manhood suffrage and the ballot—did not depend on a GLADSTONE or a BRIGHT, nor upon 'Parliament itself,' but 'upon the people, who would not rest satisfied until they had obtained that which they had the power to get when they chose.' If this means anything, though perhaps it is absurd to charge Mr. JONES's tumid bluster with meaning, it indicates that the people can get manhood suffrage, as they can get their neighbours' purses, by the mere force of numbers. Nobody doubts the power of the English people to get what they choose. The only thing now worth considering is what they really do choose; and here we have a right to ask "honest JOHN BRIGHT" to give us a little of his honesty. Honest, like honourable, is a creditable word. BRUTUS was an honour-



able man, and JOHN BRIGHT is an honest man; and the Bill of the late Government was—we have the honest man's word for it—an "honest Bill." The honest man admired it and voted for it. To be sure he would have extended it, but his only correction would have been to substitute a household rating suffrage for a 7l. rental suffrage. Now this honest Bill had for its principle what amounted to a property qualification; the Reform League, with its BEALES and JONES, is for a personal suffrage only. These gentlemen disdain and reject any tenancy or property suffrage; they contumeliously and with all abhorrence spurn the Bill which Mr. BRIGHT considers so honest. What, then, is the honest man's conviction?—his present conviction, that is. Has he discovered the dishonesty of the late Bill? Does he now go in for manhood suffrage? Does he propose to give a vote to the agricultural labourer? Does he really intend to vote for genuine manhood suffrage? If he does mean this, why does he not say so? Or, if he does not mean this, why does he not say so? Other politicians quite as honest as the honest man are explicit. Mr. BAINES, for example, was asked to attend a similar demonstration, to be held at Leeds on Monday week; but Mr. BAINES declines the invitation, because "he does not go so far." This is a sort of honesty which, though it is not the honest man's, seems to answer to the old-fashioned conception of what is honest. It may be honest in Mr. BRIGHT to attend manhood suffrage meetings, to affect to approve of their objects, to give them the influence of his name, to hound on the sincere advocates of universal suffrage as though he were one of them, and all the time to be of the old opinion still, and never to mean more than a household and ratepaying suffrage after all. Whatever we may think of BEALES and JONES and LUCRAFT and Professor ROGERS, we can understand them. Nay, we are under obligations to them. We know what they want, what they mean, what they are agitating and demonstrating for. But we do not know Mr. BRIGHT; we only know that he is honest, and that his honesty looks like duplicity. On Monday he will perhaps make a clean breast of it, and vindicate his conventional epithet by a practical exercise of his most conspicuous virtue.

And what the country asks of Mr. BRIGHT it also asks of Mr. GLADSTONE and the late PREMIER. We acknowledge that there is a broad distinction, not only latent but apparent, between Mr. GLADSTONE's position and Mr. BRIGHT's. Nobody can yet lay to Mr. BRIGHT's charge that he has ever delivered a moderate speech in public, or a violent one in the House of Commons. He is a great deal too honest, according to his own conception of honesty, to be the same man to two classes of politicians or to two audiences. But when we come to canvass Mr. GLADSTONE's honesty, we find ourselves on different ground. We have something common from which to start. Mr. GLADSTONE's honesty is of the ordinary jogtrot sort. He does not say one thing, and mean, or allow his hearers to think that he means, another. The only duty which we should like to impress on Mr. GLADSTONE is the duty of speaking out. We are perfectly certain that he has made up his mind on the questions of manhood suffrage and the ballot; and we have no kind of doubt as to what, in his unflinched moments, he thinks about a certain Flesh and Blood and Fellow-Christian argument. Nor have we much doubt what would be his estimate of BEALES and JONES, ODGERS and LUCRAFT, for colleagues. But it is certain that during the last two months duties have been forcing themselves on politicians which had no existence during the Session of Parliament. The agitation or demonstration season had not then set in. We may dislike it, we may suspect it, we may denounce it; but there it is. It is of little use asking whose fault it is; and whether Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues are not mainly responsible for it is a question which, if there were now any object in discussing it, might be very fairly raised. The Reform question undoubtedly has entered on a new phase; and on this phase we have a right to demand the judgment of such a man, occupying such a place in public confidence, and with such opportunities for good or for evil, as Mr. GLADSTONE. His patriotism is not Mr. BRIGHT's patriotism, nor is his honesty Mr. BRIGHT's honesty. But it may come to much the same thing. Simply to keep silence and go to the Mediterranean may do as much harm, with the interests now at stake, as to make speeches at torchlight meetings, with a mental reservation against the objects of their promoters. Mr. GLADSTONE may affect to think that he has sufficiently and explicitly separated himself from the BEALES party by his declaration at Salisbury that he is prepared to accept a sound measure of Reform from Lord DERBY; and that, as it is absurd to suppose that the present Government will ever bring in a Bill for universal suffrage,

he has said quite enough. But if this is, as probably it is, Mr. GLADSTONE's judgment, and is meant to be taken for his judgment, on the present state of the Reform question, and as an intimation of his moderate views, we must still remark that the fact can only be extracted by inference. The intimation is at the best dim and vague; of its sincerity we have no doubt, but its obscurity is equally undeniable. The demonstration people may well be excused if they have not the penetration to hunt out the subtle orator's latent purpose. They may be pardoned if they miss the significance of those quiet whisperings in that sleepy city of Salisbury. Mr. GLADSTONE can afford, and is expected to be, as plainspoken as Mr. BAINES. And if he desires an opportunity for saying what he thinks, such a master of resources is surely not quite incapable of making his own opportunity.

#### THE GREEK AND EASTERN QUESTIONS.

THE revolution in Candia would in itself be an unimportant event if there were not reason to suppose that a considerable part of the Continent was preparing for a revival of the Eastern question. The state of Europe has been seriously modified since the Crimean war, and a new anti-Russian coalition is scarcely possible. If the statesmen of St. Petersburg retain the traditions of the old Russian Foreign Office, the present political crisis cannot but attract their attention as offering a favourable occasion for the resuscitation of schemes which have never been definitively abandoned. In the days of the Crimean conflict Russia found herself partially paralysed by the unfriendly neutrality of the two great German Powers, and, long before the struggle at the gates of Sebastopol was over, the Czar had been compelled to renounce all hopes of the immediate dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire. Recent events have altered the situation of affairs. Austria, driven from Germany, has in future more to gain than to lose by changes in the direction of the Danube and the Black Sea, and, as she ceases to be a purely Western Power, she becomes interested in proportion in the East. Nobody now doubts that the apparent escapade of Prince CHARLES of Roumania was a princely *faux pas* deliberately prepared at Berlin, and Prussia henceforward acquires a *locus standi* in all discussions on the fate of Turkey, of which the vast and growing ambition of Count BISMARCK will not be slow to take advantage. The position, moreover, of the French EMPEROR has changed during the last ten years. He is no longer likely to be carried by the current of circumstance into a war for the independence of Turkey, unless France should have a clear object to achieve by embarking in an expensive and sanguinary contest. Should Austria and Prussia find themselves ranged again on opposite sides, in consequence of any supposed rivalry of interests in the East, France might probably fling her sword into one or other of the scales; but, as far as Russia is concerned, the Emperor NAPOLEON has probably ceased to pretend to tremble at the idea of a universal Cossack immigration. If the Eastern question should be raised by a movement in Thessaly or Epirus, NAPOLEON III. will find it convenient to remember that he is pledged all over the globe to support the principle of nationalities. If, on the other hand, the Druses of the Lebanon repeat their injudicious and inveterate offences against the Syrian Maronites, an opportunity will be offered for reviving, after a short interval, a military occupation of Syria, under a pretence as specious and as pious as that which covers the garrisoning of Rome. The Italians are hardly to be considered in the calculation; yet even the Italians, in virtue of their sympathy with Greek revolutionists and Greek patriots, are ready to espouse the cause of the Turk's discontented Christian provinces and neighbours against the Turk himself. Both the French and the Sardinian share in the Crimean expedition were accidents due to the peculiar necessities of the French and the Sardinian Governments. Love for Turkey was the last motive that actuated either; and if the East again chances to excite public attention, England, for aught we can at present see, is destined to have few natural allies or sympathisers.

At such a time it is impossible that an insurrection in Candia can fail to be of consequence or interest. It is difficult, as events are always proving, for Christians to live side by side with a Turkish population, or under a Turkish Government. The Christians of Candia are numerous enough to hold their own against the Turkish party in the island, unless the superior strength of the Turkish Empire is brought to bear upon them; and, as long as the Turkish army remains inactive, they will not easily be crushed. As soon as the Turkish forces intervene on a large scale and with decisive effect, the excitement in

Greece will be redoubled. The Kingdom has scarcely anything to lose, and it may have something to acquire, by a Turkish war. In Greece itself a smouldering fire of animosity against Turkey and the Turks has always existed, from the date of the Turkish occupation. Since the establishment of Greek independence the fever of raw and unsatisfied national ambition has been superadded to the restless antipathy of race, and the inexperienced Sovereign of Greece is too unstable upon his throne to be capable of restraining the passions or directing the energies of his half-civilized subjects. As yet the Hellenic race has not succeeded in awakening even a poetical interest in Europe. The mountains, the rivers, the ruins and tombs of Greece command that sympathy which the men of Greece have done nothing to deserve. The nation, in the present time, is chiefly distinguished abroad by the commercial adventurers whom it sends out to prey upon the money-markets of flourishing European towns, and by its singular incapacity for self-government at home. Enthusiasts occasionally admonish us that Greece is not to be judged by the debased population of Athens, and that latent and robust virtue still subsists among the hardy inhabitants of the provinces. The virtue of Greek provincials, like that of many untravelled rural districts in other parts of Europe, consists perhaps in ignorance of the pecuniary value of the British tourists, and inexperience in the art of plundering travellers who never, except upon rare occasions, arrive to be plundered at all. Still, set by the side of Turks, the Greeks may be supposed to shine. They are Christians and Europeans, and may hereafter possibly show themselves capable of rising to something less unworthy of their splendid historical past. For some such vague reason, and partly perhaps from an undefined feeling that whatever threatens Turkey threatens indirectly English interests in the East, Europe is not disinclined to favour the Greek cause. External influence and intrigue are not wanting to fan local passions into a flame. The natives of Thessaly and of Epirus prepare for war, and petition the central Government; but the strings are pulled by agitators and statesmen elsewhere, and King GEORGE hides in gloomy and feeble silence plans of aggression which he has been encouraged to entertain, but which he is incompetent to carry into execution. Elements for a conflagration obviously are to be discovered, but neither the Greek race nor the Greek Executive is capable by its unassisted energy of doing much to disturb Europe. They are equal to raids and guerilla expeditions in the mountains, but are totally inadequate to a sustained war. Their movements are serious only as furnishing a key to what is going on elsewhere in the Cabinets of a few great Powers, and as pretexts for an agitation which will have for its aim something of far more cosmopolitan interest than the paltry aggrandizement of a turbulent and ill-conducted kingdom.

It is possible both to over-rate and to under-rate England's concern in the question which will perhaps soon be forced upon her notice. England is vitally interested in protecting the route that connects her with the East. Nothing could make up to us for the loss of this, and the independence of Turkey is a guarantee of our free intercourse with India, just as our occupation of Gibraltar insures us free commerce with the Mediterranean. Upon the other hand, it is as well not to close our eyes to the fact that the Turkish Empire is an anachronism, which cannot long be left in its present condition. It is full of pestilent abuses and political sores, which are apparently irremediable. The Turks are not, as it has been the habit of the Palmerstonian school to represent them, an innocent and injured race. The old Turkish party, which holds in its hands the lives and fortunes of the scattered Christian populations within the Turkish frontier, is the very incarnation of cruelty and aggression. It is an English error to look on Maronite massacres as got up invariably by the Maronites themselves, to deceive the world at large and to please the French EMPEROR. They are good, honest, and substantial outbreaks of Mussulman bigotry, which finds vent in the murder of Christian merchants and the depopulation of Christian villages. If the present movement in the Lebanon is a repetition of the last, the Druses will in all probability turn out to be mere tools in the hands of Turkish fanaticism, and it is essential that the English public should not be left in the dark about the character of the Empire which it is compelled for purposes of self-protection to uphold. Knowing what we do of the nature of Turkish bigotry in Asia Minor, we cannot speak harshly or hardly of the Candian revolutionists. It is a perpetual misery for Christians to have to live with Turks, and even if the Candian insurrection is fomented by foreign agitators, it has enough to justify and excuse it at home. The cession of Candia to Greece ought to be regretted by no civilized Foreign Office, and it is high time for an English Government to show

the Continent that, while it is reasonably jealous about the overland route, it is not blind to the condition of Turkey's Christian subjects.

#### BRIBERY.

AN enlightened foreigner has been kind enough to say a good word for British bribery. According to our Liberal French censor—liberal in every sense of the term—we are really not much the worse for it after all. We get a very fair House of Commons, though we get it by a process which the most indulgent of moralists must pronounce to be decidedly foul. Our representatives are patriotic, high-minded, and independent, although (or is it because?) they have bought and paid for their seats. The theory seems to be, that, having purchased their legislative honours in open market, they are entitled to the luxury of keeping a political conscience, and are thenceforth free to speak and vote with a single eye to the good of their country. So it comes to pass that, as MANDEVILLE taught us, "private vices are public benefits"; or, at any rate, the private vices are happily compatible with public benefits. The road to Parliament is dirty enough, but it is a sort of clean dirt, which easily comes off and leaves no spot on the garments of the adventurous wayfarer. Altogether, we are to be congratulated, if we may trust our friendly critic, on the possession of a Constitution which, by a sort of divine alchemy, transmutes the basest dross into fine gold, and extracts the purest moral and political essences from the veriest dregs of sordidness and corruption.

It would be exceedingly pleasant to think this, for it is not easy to find any more substantial matter for complacency in the disclosures of electoral turpitude which have for some weeks past filled a daily page of the newspapers. If we could only persuade ourselves that it does not much signify, for everything works itself right in the end, we might read with comparative equanimity these revelations of hungry voracity and illicit munificence. Otherwise there is nothing in these Election Commissions, so far as we can see, from which any rational person can derive the smallest satisfaction. Experience has not taught us to expect a particle of good from them, and it is certain that their immediate effect is simply and purely demoralizing. What is any human being the better for being initiated into the dirty electioneering mysteries of Yarmouth and Totnes? People are merely amused by the oddities of political baseness and roguery. They only learn to laugh—HER MAJESTY'S Commissioners setting them the example—at practices which the law pronounces criminal and which morality brands as shameful. The average British politician rather enjoys seeing how neatly the thing is done, and even when he is startled by some exceptionally scandalous disclosure, indignation and disgust never carry him beyond a half-sympathizing "Oh! fie!" We seem to have just morality enough to appreciate the aroma which a flavour of naughtiness lends to ingenious attempts to dodge the law. "I read them each a little sermon on the sin of bribery," says one of the Yarmouth "illegal agents." We may be sure the rogues liked their money all the better for the little sermon which reminded them that it was dishonestly earned; and the British public, to all appearance, relishes little sermons on the impropriety of a vice which it can scarcely bring itself to regard as exactly vicious. As for any practical result coming from these Election Commissions—any serious legislative attempt to punish, prevent, or otherwise put down bribery—who expects it? And why should any one expect it? We have had as many as ten of these Commissions, according to Lord GREY's reckoning, before the present year, and not one of them has led to any result whatever, beyond the brief suspension of a couple of writs (Gloucester and Wakefield) which a virtuous House of Commons indignantly refused one year and good-naturedly issued the next. Literally, that is all that there is to show for the painful industry of half a score of Royal Commissions; and we are not aware of any visible reason for supposing that the four new Commissions whose labours have enlivened the present dull season are intended to produce any more substantial fruit than their predecessors. If we are to judge from experience, we shall get a pile of Blue-books containing many thousands of questions and answers (with the "laughter" omitted perhaps, by way of saving decorum and printing expenses); we shall have authentic schedules of bribes, bribers, and bribees, with numberless interesting particulars of the machinery of the election trade; we shall have it certified under the Commissioners' hands and seals that "evidence has been adduced to prove the extensive pre-



"valence," &c.; and there the whole matter will rest. Nobody will be punished; nobody will be disfranchised; nobody will be reformed; the score will be wiped out, and everybody will be free to begin again. The nation, in short, will have a "little sermon on the sin of bribery," which will do about as much good as sermons usually do. An Election Commission, as Election Commissions are, is nothing in the world but an expensive and elaborate contrivance for verifying and recording delinquencies which legislation does not know how to punish—perhaps is not very eager to punish—and which the delinquents themselves, in nine cases out of ten, confess with a frankness which would be charming if it were a shade less impudent. Unless it be intended that these Election Commissions should lead to something generically different from anything that has ever come of any former Election Commissions, there is nothing to be said but that the whole thing is a tedious and demoralizing farce.

It is but fair to admit that the problem how to suppress bribery is really one of enormous difficulty. It is much easier to say that nothing is gained by mere inquiries which only tell us, with a vast deal of detail and circumstance, what we knew well enough before, than it is to devise any specific way of dealing with the evil. To put down vice by Act of Parliament is proverbially difficult; and electoral corruption partakes of the character of vice rather than of crime, in so far as it is a voluntary, though immoral, transaction between two parties neither of whom considers himself injured or aggrieved by the other. The ordinary personal motives which set the criminal law in action against a wrong-doer are, as a rule, necessarily absent in the case of this particular offence. Then it is also, as a rule, a secret transaction, and one the proof of which must usually depend on tainted and suspicious testimony. People do not go about bribing in the presence of respectable witnesses; and it would be to the last degree dangerous to convict men of a disgraceful offence on the evidence of other than respectable witnesses. So it is difficult to see that much is to be hoped from legal pains and penalties against individual delinquents. One envies rather than admires the glib self-confidence of the purists who talk of enacting some tremendous new punishment for the wealthy givers of bribes, who, they tell us, are infinitely guiltier than the humble and needy receivers. The ethical doctrine is by no means free from doubt, for the wealthy givers would far rather keep their money, while the humble and needy receivers have no object in life but to sell themselves to the highest bidder. To plain understandings it would rather seem that the vendor is in this case the original tempter, and that the purchaser merely succumbs to a temptation which he finds obstructing his path to an intrinsically legitimate object. Be this, however, as it may, it is idle to expect anything from enacting fresh penalties against bribery when the real difficulty is how to detect bribery without resorting to a process of compulsory self-crimination contrary to the first principles of English criminal law. There are already statutory penalties for bribery quite severe enough to be a terror to evil-doers, only that the maxims of English law, coupled with the special character of this offence, make it extremely difficult to convict the evil-doer. If there are moralists who consider bribery at elections so much more criminal than burglary that the English law of evidence ought to be altered in order to facilitate prosecution for this one particular crime, we have only to say that we do not agree with them.

On the whole, perhaps more is to be hoped—so far as anything is to be hoped from the direct action of Parliament—from the unsparing punishment of delinquent communities than from empty threats to send offending candidates and agents to the treadmill. We are not sure that Parliament can do very much in the matter, but there are some things quite within its competence which might, we think, be done with considerable effect. The ruthless disfranchisement of all boroughs, great or small, which have been found guilty of gross, habitual, and organized corruption—or, at all events, their disfranchisement for a term of years long enough to cover two or three general elections—would be a good penal measure and a good reformatory measure. It would go some way towards making bribery odious and unpopular, and creating a public opinion against it in places and among classes where no such public opinion as yet exists. An excellent beginning might be made with the four offenders whose misdeeds have become a European scandal; and as it happens that one of the worst of the lot is a considerable and important town, a better opportunity could not be desired for an edifying display of fearless legislative impartiality. If ever a Parliamentary borough was ripe (or rotten) for disfranchisement, it is Yarmouth; and if Parliament has nerve to trample out a

bribery-nest of some 35,000 inhabitants, people will begin to think the matter really serious. The erasure of Yarmouth from the list of Parliamentary boroughs would be a definite, substantial, and most intelligible tribute to political morality, and would furnish a very practical set-off against the otherwise demoralizing effects of inquiries which, when they lead to nothing, merely deprave and corrupt the public mind. People have got more than sufficient amusement out of the eccentricities and drolleries of Yarmouth bribery. If the House of Commons respects itself and wishes to be respected, it will do well to let it be understood that the buying and selling of a public trust has a grave as well as a comic side.

#### POLITICAL PARTIES IN AMERICA.

THE Radical party in the United States holds perhaps a better technical position than the PRESIDENT. It has on its side the law-making power of the nation; and it would be difficult to show that the Constitution ever contemplated the investment of the head of the Executive with such vast and undefined privileges as Mr. JOHNSON appears to claim. The legitimate relations of the PRESIDENT to Congress are for the most part suspensive in their character, and none of the functions which he legally discharges can be held to confer any authority to act in the teeth of the Legislature after a measure has been passed over his head. But although each party finds it convenient, for the political interests of the moment, to represent itself as the only true interpreter of that remarkable compromise which every American believes to have come down from heaven by an almost direct road, the real question between them lies considerably deeper. The old Federal Union has expired, as an actual fact, in the very hour of its theoretical triumph, and the point to be really determined is the form of the organization which shall take its place. Viewed in this light, the PRESIDENT's action is at least more constitutional than that of his opponents. He does wish to reproduce something as like the old Union as he finds it in his power to construct. The accurately balanced machinery by which the rights of the whole and the rights of the several parts were supposed to be secured has lost much of its value, and the idea of sovereignty, as attaching to the several States, has been rudely shattered by the events of the last five years. It may even come hereafter to be a question whether the principle of State rights is any longer of sufficient strength to do the work, originally assigned to it, of checking the absolute domination of a numerical and sectional majority. But it is clear that, at this moment, no American politician has any substitute to propose. The only alternative lies between keeping on foot the old security, with a prudent disregard of the extent to which it has been weakened, and dispensing with securities altogether. The cause now represented in so grotesque and irregular a fashion by President JOHNSON is the cause of constitutional government in its very essence. He asserts the right of a large minority to exercise a veto upon legislation directly affecting its own interests. In some form or other this principle has been recognised in every free society; and it may hereafter come to be again recognised by the Republican party in the United States, though majorities are usually loth to restore checks on their own power which have once been dispensed with. But at present the assertion of it is practically limited to the supporters of Mr. JOHNSON's policy, and the claim put forward by Congress to impose terms on the South is broad enough to justify the worst forms of arbitrary and irresponsible despotism. The Radical Convention at Philadelphia has just laid down, as one of the cardinal articles of its creed, "the inherent right of all men to decide and control for themselves the character of the Government under which they live." If the framers of this clause wish their profession of faith to harmonize with their political action, the wording of it might be advantageously altered. The doctrine for which Congress is contending is rather "the inherent right of a majority of the people of one part of a continent to decide and control for the people of the other part the character of the Government under which they will force them to live." A benevolent despotism has perhaps something to be said for it, but we confess to having more respect for its pretensions when it does not ape the title of a free Republic.

To the better members of the Radical party the policy to which they are committed wears no doubt a very different aspect. They plead the extreme social disorganization now prevailing throughout the Southern States, and the active hatred of the negro which has in many cases replaced the mixture of contempt and kindness with which he was usually regarded before the war. They urge that emancipation, if it is not a mockery, must imply protection, and that to leave

the freedmen at the mercy of their former masters is simply to condemn them to a renewed term of slavery. Probably there is a good deal of truth in these representations. It was always clear to unprejudiced observers that the policy of compulsory emancipation, however beneficial it might ultimately be to the race affected by it, must for some time to come be of very doubtful service to them. Intervention between masters and servants, as between parents and children, has always been attended with this serious drawback—either you give fresh bitterness to the oppression which you originally interfered to prevent, by the addition of irritation and revenge, or you burden yourself with the responsibility of superseding the old relationship in favour of a new one to be entirely undertaken by yourself. The great problem of Southern administration at this moment is how to bring black men and white to live peaceably together, and the solution of it will hardly be materially furthered by making the weaker race the occasion of insult and degradation to the whole white community. As far as the fate of the negroes is concerned, the victory of the Radical party would, we fear, be only postponing the evil day. Unless the North is prepared to take the perpetual government of the South into its own hands, the blacks will eventually have to settle matters with the whites with whom they are locally connected. The acceptance of the Constitutional Amendment has made a formal restoration of slavery impossible, and the many perplexing questions which present themselves as to the creation of a class of free labourers from the emancipated negroes will be best left now, as they are sure to be left some day, to the good sense of the people most concerned in answering them. The true interests of the two races are in no way opposed to one another, and the discovery of this truth can be only deferred by treating the protection of the blacks as an excuse for the oppression of the whites.

A portion of the American public is again becoming indignant that English political writers should presume to give their opinion upon the constitutional questions now under discussion. Mr. HANNIBAL CHOLLOP grounded his dislike of MARK TAPLEY's too candid comments on the sanitary condition of Eden upon the fact that his countrymen's "backs were easy riz, and that they must jist be cracked up." This patriotic estimate of the nation as a whole, seems now to have become true of the dominant section of it. Englishmen must "crack up" not merely the American people, but the Radical party; and they seem to give as much offence by repeating, only in milder terms, what is being daily said by some of the most eminent statesmen and most influential journalists of the United States, as though they had been at the trouble to invent their criticisms for themselves. It seems rather hard that we should be threatened with the undying hatred of the whole population of the North, merely for an incautious adoption of sentiments which, when uttered by Mr. SEWARD or the *New York Times*, only call forth some of those passing compliments with which it is the fashion for political opponents in America to so freely bespatter one another. It must be admitted that the falsification of so many of the prophecies in which people on this side of the Atlantic indulged themselves during the war does not tempt one to venture upon any further predictions; but it must be a very stringent censorship that would cure Englishmen of their national habit of giving free utterance to their opinions, whether on their own concerns or on those of their neighbours. Nor does the fact that the Radical party in the United States may very possibly carry the coming elections bring any additional conviction to our minds that the policy which it advocates is a right one. The Correspondent of the *Daily News*, who has been throughout a very fair and intelligent supporter of the Republican party, tells us that if the South "does not choose to accept Northern ideas of government or society, sugared over as Constitutional Amendments, it will have sooner or later to accept them at the point of the bayonet." We confess to entertaining a foolish objection to the bayonet as a means of propagating truth. "Northern ideas of government or society" may be derived from the direct inspiration of heaven, but even a consciousness of this on the part of those who entertain them does not necessarily convey a title to thrust them down other people's throats. The pretensions put forward during the war were a mere nothing compared with those which are now maintained by the opponents of the PRESIDENT. The abolition of slavery and the restoration of the Union were the only ends then professedly aimed at by the North; and, however inconsistent it might have been with the theory of a Federal government to secure even these benefits by physical force, there was still some justification for the discrepancy, in the moral advantages of the first object and the political importance of the second.

But if the South, after having accepted the issue of battle on these two points, is now to be further forbidden to "pursue any course of legislation which the public of the free States deems inimical to domestic civilization and polity"—and, however skilfully the demands of Congress may be disguised, they virtually amount to nothing less than this—all the worst forebodings of European critics will be more than fulfilled. The whole organization of Southern society is to be proscribed and swept away. One half of the Union is to be treated as so much territory just reclaimed from barbarism, and to be governed at the will of the conqueror. We are accustomed to pretensions of this sort when urged by civilized men against a nation of savages, but it is a new thing in politics to hear them asserted on the part of one white community against another, simply on the ground that they are members of the same Federal body, and must therefore conform to a common social standard. If such claims as these are really tolerated in America, all that has been said of democratic Governments by their worst enemies will have proved itself true. The will of the majority will be the simple rule of life for the whole population, to be enforced by physical compulsion on the first appearance of resistance. It is unnecessary, under circumstances such as these, to inquire into the details of the policy recommended by Congress, in order to come to a conclusion as to its justice. We may grant all the claims of the North to the possession of a higher civilization, and yet demur to the means by which it proposes to extend the blessings which it enjoys. Much of the theology of the Koran is exceedingly pure and exalted, but this has not been commonly held sufficient to excuse MAHOMET for carrying it, sword in hand, through the world.

#### AGRICULTURAL MEETINGS.

THERE is every reason to anticipate a dull oratorical season in the rural districts, and though the towns promise to do much more than compensate for this, still we shall miss the turbid agricultural eloquence usual in autumn. The Conservatives are generally the heroes of these rural banquets. But the Conservatives are in luck, and they have an instinctive feeling that the less they commit themselves in the way of speech, the more likely they are to remain in luck. Of course we may be quite sure that whatever they do say will be more distinctly optimistic than ever. Mr. ADDERLEY, for example, is in a truly becoming and delightful frame of mind. He loves his enemies with a rare love. Mr. GLADSTONE he declares to be his oldest friend, a man for whom he has the highest respect, and whom he looks on as an honour and an ornament to his country. Even Mr. BRIGHT, although he does hold "peculiar views," holds them "with strict integrity, and with honesty and honour." More than this, Mr. ADDERLEY is inclined to think that he has found out the secret of the difference of opinion which separates Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. GLADSTONE from Mr. LOWE. "A great deal of the misunderstanding arises from the fact of some of the working-classes being more enlightened and more intelligent than others of that class." It must have been the exhilarating properties of the fresh country air which stimulated Mr. ADDERLEY's mind to make this profound and exhaustive reflection. He had sat through prolonged debates in which it was as plain as a pikestaff that, when Mr. LOWE called some of the working-men venal and illiterate, he did not mean the same as those whom Mr. GLADSTONE declared to have better manners than some of the sons of peers. But it was not until his foot stood upon its native heath that Mr. ADDERLEY discerned the important and recondite truth that some of the working-classes are more enlightened and more intelligent than others. Perhaps on some future occasion, when his experience has been still further ripened, he will let us know whether a similar law is not equally true about his own class. Meanwhile his admiration for his country is not less warm than that which he feels for his political opponents. And here, too, he has found out a secret. "The leading principles on which the vigour and freedom of England depend are, first, the spirit of co-operation; and, secondly, the spirit of self-reliance and self-administration." We should have been very grateful to the speaker if he had explained with some conciseness what he meant by the vigour of England. Are we to look for it in the administration of the Poor Laws, or in the Admiralty, or in the Chatham and Dover and the Great Eastern Railways, or in the army, or at the Foreign Office in Earl RUSSELL's or Lord CLARENDON's time? We know what English freedom means; but surely English vigour, in politics at all events, and in some other things also, is rather under a cloud. However, where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise; and if Mr. ADDERLEY thinks he lives in the best of



all possible countries, with the best of all possible men for his opponents, and is happy in thinking so, why should he be disturbed? But, universally sympathetic as Mr. ADDERLEY is, he still keeps one corner of his mind for hatred and malice, and here he places the Jamaica Committee. With this body of gentlemen he is very hot and angry indeed, because they presume to set themselves up as the exclusive admirers of liberty in this country, and "will not believe in the same 'honour in the breasts of those who differ from them which 'they claim for themselves.'" We are as far as possible from admiring the Jamaica Committee, yet we never heard that they looked upon people who do not support their proceedings as dishonourable exactly. If anything could have strengthened the hands of the Jamaica Committee, it would have been Mr. ADDERLEY's own intemperate speech in the House of Commons on the other side.

Mr. HENLEY's remarks at Thame showed something of the same glorious optimism which his former colleague had displayed. He did not indeed think the present a particularly appropriate moment for a gratuitous and unprovoked panegyric upon Mr. BRIGHT, merely because he happened to be a political opponent. Nor did he indulge in ill-timed explanations of the secret of England's tremendous and unparalleled vigour. Still he, too, is ready to take up the general line that things are very satisfactory and creditable. The Cattle Plague is going or gone. And then, as Mr. HENLEY said, "after pigs come 'politics,' and it is a great comfort to think that we have escaped any embroilment in the American or Continental wars. Another great comfort is that we have got a Conservative Ministry, or, as many persons seem to prefer to put it, that we have got rid of Earl RUSSELL. It is also delightful to reflect that our authorities 'have pricked the spur into the steed;' in other words, have begun to think of supplying the troops with breech-loaders. A string of unassailable remarks of this stamp is what entitles a politician to be congratulated in all the newspapers on his strong common sense. The ill-conditioned Athenian who ostracized ARISTIDES because he was tired of hearing him called Just, would bear a grudge, if he were alive in England, against Mr. HENLEY for being so uniformly and constantly called Sensible. No doubt he is sensible, and thoroughly high-minded and patriotic. Unluckily we have reached a point at which sensibleness of this sort is of no use. It is quite true that Reform has wrecked Government after Government, that it has been very often mentioned in Speeches from the Throne, and that it would be well for the country to have a Government that should be able to effect a fair and final settlement of the question. But this does not help us. The old man in the Greek play was quite right when, as they heard the cries of the murdered AGAMEMNON from within, he said that he at least voted that something ought to be done. In the meantime the hero was expiring. And, in the case of Reform, the country is made the prey of truculent agitators, while political Nestors shake their heads and vow that the business ought to be settled. It is very sensible of the political Nestors to try to see as far as their neighbours; only it is to be hoped that Mr. HENLEY, besides this general conviction, may endeavour to impress upon his friends who are in power some specific idea as to the best way of settling it. And it is to be hoped too that he will use his influence with the fatal tail of his party, to induce the stubborn elder members and the flippant younger ones to support their leaders in any rational mode of meeting the question. The violent disaffection with which the ruck of the Conservatives are credited is not supposed to extend to staunch men of the good old school, of whom Mr. HENLEY is perhaps the best representative in the House. The newspapers always take care to let us know every autumn, and sometimes once or twice during the Session, that this good old school represents one of the best sides of English character, and this piece of oft-repeated information has something in it. But it is forgotten that there is no such thing politically as an invariable and absolute best side, and that, at a time when there are a great many things urgently required to be done, what would be a good side of the national character in a time of revolution or of Utopian perfection becomes the worst possible side. The present, we venture to think, with all deference to Mr. ADDERLEY, is a time of this sort. Apart from Parliamentary Reform, there is scarcely a department of public affairs in which, by the confession of men of all parties, there is not an urgent demand for the infusion of new principles and more vigorous methods. The Poor-Law Board seems to have been, and still to be, as inefficient as possible. The Admiralty Board is still worse, for the extent of its inefficiency almost approaches the impossible. The Horse Guards and the War Office are supposed to be in a state of bungling and chaos which daunts even the most inveterate hunter of admini-

strative abuses. All over the field of administration men complain that the national nerves and muscles, like those of a man with the palsy, no longer obey the national volition. We should not by any means be inclined to argue, as Mr. HENNESSY seems to do, that because we have Fenianism, and bankrupt railways, and broken banks, while the French have none of these troubles, therefore Imperialism is the best thing that can happen to a country. Still it is difficult to fall in with the mood of those people who insist that we are an unrivalled practical nation, whom no harm can overtake, and who on the whole, in spite of occasional mishaps, could scarcely be better off. This is a trait in your staunch old-fashioned Englishman which does not recommend itself at present. Mr. HENLEY showed the spirit of the old school, and at the same time showed how badly it fits in with modern exigencies, when he tried to prove that, though the hovels in which country labourers drag on their bovine lives are bad, they might be worse, and that they are not so bad as the dwellings of the poorer classes in the towns. The fact is very disputable. But even if it were not, the *tone* of the argument is wrong. So far as it has any effect at all, it tends to encourage the maintenance of the hovels. If you show interested persons that they might do worse, you are doing something to make them doubt whether, after all, they could do better. To tell a man that he is better than his neighbours is scarcely the way to make him see the necessity for his own further improvement.

Perhaps the funniest of all recent agricultural utterances was that of the Duke of MARLBOROUGH at Woodstock. His Grace thought it worth while to inform the Woodstock Agricultural Association that "a great change had come 'over the minds of the people, and that it had been 'thought necessary to relax many of those protective 'duties which were formerly a part of the commercial 'system of the country.'" However, "he was not there 'to say that the experiment had altogether failed." The experiment of Free Trade, he is inclined to think, has not altogether failed. This is really benevolent on the part of the RIP VAN WINKLE of Blenheim. We should be very curious to know his Grace's sentiments on the subject of Railways and Gas and the Penny Post; whether he has yet found out that a great change has come over the minds of the public on these points; also whether he thinks the experiment has altogether failed. Does he deem it unworthy of him to read any history after the Battle of Blenheim?

#### THE PRUSSIAN GOVERNMENT AND THE GERMAN PARLIAMENT.

NO time has been lost by the indefatigable Count BISMARCK in preparing to open the Parliament which is to consolidate the recent conquests of Prussia by legislation for the new Bund. The Bill for the election of representatives to the first Legislative Assembly of North Germany passed the Prussian House of Deputies without material alteration, and the Upper House intact; and both the Ministry and the Opposition have shown signs of practical good sense during the discussion. The broad and sweeping franchise which is to be accorded to the subjects of the new Confederation was promised by Count BISMARCK from the first, and is probably less unsuitable for North Germany than for any other State in Europe. The first clauses of any future German Constitution will doubtless perpetuate the provisions which at present are only temporary, and something like universal suffrage is on the eve of becoming the public law of the Bund. Every man blameless in the eye of justice, who is a citizen within the limits of the Confederacy, will have a vote as soon as he has attained the age of twenty-five. Bankrupts, wards, paupers, and criminals are of course excluded from the privilege; but it is worthy of remark that political offences, the penalty of which has been undergone or remitted, are not to disqualify a candidate for election, nor *à fortiori* an elector for the exercise of his right. The establishment of equal electoral districts was a necessity in which a minority of the Prussian Deputies reluctantly acquiesced. The proposition of an arithmetical basis for the suffrage was sure to provoke criticism from educated men; but the rigid political logic which cannot be applied safely in the progressive reform of established institutions becomes sometimes necessary when it is a question of creating an institution for the future, and any other electoral system would have led less rapidly and certainly to the union of North Germany. It is in theory an accident, but one of the accidents which are doubtless the result of careful calculation, that the departments already in existence for the election of the Prussian House of Deputies do not differ materially from the electoral districts into which Prussia will now find herself divided. The

precedent of Prussian elections in other respects has not been strictly followed, for, contrary to the Prussian system, the Deputies to the first Bund will be returned by the direct and immediate suffrages of the constituencies. It is a credit to the statesmen of Berlin that they have produced with such promptitude a measure sufficient for all necessary purposes. When Germans in future are taunted with sluggishness in action, they will be able to point to four famous months in 1866. When Germany has ceased to be a house divided against itself, the lethargy and sleepiness which are the results of national dissension will never again reappear.

It will be interesting to observe the change in the political temper of Germany which cannot fail to be the result of the new Constitution. But for the Prussian King and the Berlin Court, not five years would elapse without seeing North Germany take its place in Europe as a powerful democracy. Experience proves that neither the democratic spirit nor universal suffrage is a guarantee for the constitutional freedom of a nation; but the Germans, like the Americans, are sufficiently educated as a people to be able to keep their own liberties intact as soon as they have definitely acquired them. An ambitious foreign policy would be a natural consequence of the establishment of a democratic Parliament, were it not that Germans cannot make war without the sacrifice of German industry and commerce, and, what they prize still more highly, of domestic and family life. Nowhere are the doctrines of peace and retrenchment more pertinaciously preached than in the columns of the advanced organs of German Liberalism; but it will remain to be seen whether the maxims of philosophers will survive Germany's newly-awakened consciousness of her own power and prestige. Prussians, meanwhile, are glad to believe that the stage of paternal government is over. The Liberals of Berlin are by this time aware that the defeat of Austria involves the downfall of the political ideas of feudalism all over the common Fatherland, and they can afford to wait for the apple which is rolling slowly within their reach. Count BISMARCK's altered demeanour is the best proof of the political victory which has been won. The Prussian Deputies have the satisfaction of feeling that the great changes which make them henceforward a less important body than they were have at any rate assured their independence, and the Lower House becomes, by the union of North Germany, at one and the same moment free and comparatively insignificant. In the greater Assembly before which its lamp pales, even Count BISMARCK will hesitate to play the tyrant; and, unless North Germany is to be governed by means of an army from Berlin, the reign of free German institutions is about to commence. Nothing but institutions of this kind can complete the work which the Bohemian campaign began, and if it is worth while to attract the populations south of the Main to the common German centre, it will be necessary to win their sympathy and admiration by a substantial recognition of popular rights. It is because Count BISMARCK is too shrewd a man not to see this, that he has made no effort to limit the freedom of the proposed National Assembly. Provisions have been made for securing to its members a licence of tongue which before long they will probably be ready to use, and for protecting free-spoken representatives against the ill-will of courtiers or the venal timidity of unpatriotic judges. Curiously enough, though the article which secures this desirable independence to the future legislators of Germany was elaborated by the Prussian Opposition, it was originally suggested by the Minister, who is anxious probably to show that his reactionary domestic policy was merely a temporary means adopted to secure a great national end.

The meeting of the German Parliament may be the commencement of a long discussion on matters of internal legislation, but it can scarcely fail, in spite of domestic controversies, to give Germany increased power at the council board of Europe. The whole of North Germany has in truth the same political and commercial interests to serve. The downfall of the little Courts completes its political unity, while its commercial unity has for many years been a reality. Under a less ambitious and intriguing statesman, Germany might for many years be content to repose upon its laurels; but Count BISMARCK's spirit will scarcely be contented without further audacious plans for increasing German influence, and for startling Europe once again. Germany, just at present, is in the agreeable condition of a Power that can select its own allies. It is equally able to purchase the friendship or to defy the hostility of its three most powerful neighbours; and the chief difficulty which Count BISMARCK will in future have to fight against will be the conviction, on the part of Prussia's allies, that the best of the bargain will inevitably be snatched by the Prussian Foreign Office. The Emperor NAPOLEON has at last met with a chess-player worthy

of himself. He will have the mortification of feeling that the antagonist who has twice outwitted him—in the Polish question first, and in the German question afterwards—is destined to rule, without military support, over a free people. It is now too late to interfere with the unity of Germany; and Germany, once united, will probably be a more perfect type of a powerful democratic empire than France herself.

#### RECENT GUNNERY EXPERIMENTS.

THE encouraging result of recent experiments at Shoebury-ness does not justify the conclusion that turret-ships are a mistake, and that we had better revert as quickly as possible to our old-fashioned wooden men-of-war. If, indeed, it could be shown that the Admiralty in past years has been, not simply doing nothing, but pursuing a masterly policy of inaction, journalists would easily forget their own discomfiture in exultation at discovering the naval reserves which Sir JOHN PAKINGTON has declared to be non-existent. There are plenty of wooden ships, both of the line and frigates, in Portsmouth and other harbours; but, unfortunately, while the *Times* in a leading article tells us that here is the navy of which we confess the want, the correspondents of the same journal recommend that the newest and largest of these very ships should be cut down and fitted with turrets, and that the residue of them should be broken up. One of these correspondents, who appears to take his tone from the society around him, suggests that, as the workmen of Portsmouth Dockyard are not likely to be employed in building ships, they can be employed quite as usefully in taking them to pieces; so that, whatever becomes of the navy, naval artificers may be paid their wages. This correspondent is doubtless prepared to allow his "ideas respecting the inutility of our old navy" to be dispelled by editorial instruction, and it is a pity that the public should not also be able to follow the *Times* from its new point of departure to "some very satisfactory conclusions" as to the position of this country as a naval Power.

Supposing that the gun which was lately tried at Shoebury-ness is as good as the experiment appears to show, we should have thought the nation ought to be congratulated on being likely to possess both a turret-ship and a gun to put in it. The Americans recently favoured this country by sending to its shores a vessel which was perhaps rather hastily pronounced to be the model of an efficient man-of-war. Now it is with equal haste assumed that "we shall be no longer under the necessity of building turret-ships." It is undoubtedly conceivable that in equipping ships, as formerly in equipping men, the weight of armour may be increased more and more until at last, when projectiles still obstinately persist in penetrating the plates, it may be deemed best to dispense with an encumbrance which does not afford safety. Among the few observations which have of late been made in favour of the Austrian military system was this, that their cuirassiers did not wear cuirasses. If heavy armour be inconsistent with the utmost speed and handiness which can be given to a ship of war, it may one day be found wise to abandon the system of iron-plating; but even when that conclusion is arrived at—if it ever is—we shall still be very far from reverting to the model of the old wooden ship. A vessel built of thin iron-plates is much more likely than a wooden ship to attain high speed, and this method of construction has been lately recommended on the ground that, if shells cannot be kept out by a ship's side, the next best thing is to let them go through it easily. It must not be forgotten that any gun which is capable of firing shell can destroy a wooden ship, whereas an iron-plated ship can be seriously damaged only by the most powerful guns that can be made. Admitting the utility of iron-plates, the turret is unquestionably an advantageous method of disposing them. It may perhaps be disputable whether, in a cruising ship, the same weight of iron might not be more advantageously arranged otherwise, but for coast defence the merit of Captain COLES's system is undeniable. It has been urged, over and over again, that turret-ships should be built for harbour service, leaving the question as to their suitability for long voyages to be determined by further experience; but if a proposal be simple and economical, it is almost certain not to be adopted in the British navy.

The performance which the *Times* has witnessed with astonishment and delight was anticipated by persons who have paid particular attention to naval gunnery. Captain KER told the Committee of Naval Officers on Turret-Ships that "he had no doubt that a 12-ton gun of 9 inches calibre, which is to be our service gun of that weight, will penetrate the side of any ship now possessed by any foreign Power, at 1,000 yards, with steel shell. That is the gun with which the *Bellerophon* will be armed." It is true that in the



late experiment at Shoeburyness the iron-plate penetrated was 8 inches thick, which is thicker than the side of any ship afloat, except the American ships, which are coated to the thickness of twelve inches with successive plates of metal. These laminated plates are inferior in strength to solid plates, but they are quite good enough to astonish Britishers—a remark which applies also to the 15-inch and 20-inch guns mounted in the American turret-ships. The range at Shoeburyness was only 200 yards, and the shot and shell employed were made of PALLISER'S chilled iron, which was proved to be more effective, as well as much cheaper, than steel. A shell went clean through iron-plate, teak backing, and inner skin, and burst in what would be the interior of the ship. This result was so satisfactory as almost to reconcile us to the enormous expenditure of time and money by which it has been attained. It is difficult to say whether the Admiralty building a ship or the War Office manufacturing a gun presents the more conspicuous example of costly blundering. But, at any rate, here is our gun, and the next question is, where is our ship? It would be going much too fast to abandon armour because it is found not to be impenetrable. We might, however, send to sea unarmoured ships, built for speed, side by side with an iron-clad squadron, just as in all armies there are, or lately were, both hussars and cuirassiers. A proposal for an unarmoured ship was brought before the Turret-Ship Committee by Commander SCOTT, who is of opinion that "unless armour-plating is strong enough to resist the shot likely to be fired against it, it does more harm than good," because a shot striking on the outside would carry the broken iron into the ship and destroy the crew. Commander SCOTT proposes a flush-deck vessel with two guns. The least weight of the guns should be thirteen tons, but he would prefer twenty tons. The vessel that he would mount two such guns upon would be of wood or iron, without protection, and from 2,000 to 2,500 tons. Supposing himself to be engaged with an iron-plated adversary, he admits that the hostile shot would go through him, but they would not, he says, make nearly so large a hole as he would make in the iron plate. "They would go through my wooden side or my iron side, whichever the vessel might be built of. I should prefer, however, having soft iron or mild steel, in which they would make a hole and nothing more—a hole that you could easily plug." A further advantage of the unarmoured ship would be that shells fired at it would not explode with certainty. "Nothing explodes with the certainty of a steel shell filled with powder enclosed in a flannel bag and fired against armour, because it goes off with the friction caused by the plate's partially arresting the shell's progress." The opinion of this officer, however, was qualified by the sensible remark that, "despite his own view as to the best class of vessels, he should consider it unwise to have only such special ships." He recommended that the experiment of the turret-ship should be fully carried out, and this advice has certainly not been discredited by the recent success of PALLISER'S shells against 8-inch plates. Gunnery at sea is very different from gunnery by land, and although an iron-plated ship's side may be penetrable at 200 yards, she may be able to occupy a position at a harbour's mouth 1,000 yards distant from any battery, where she might make herself exceedingly disagreeable. The danger from this cause at Portsmouth was thought to be so great that two years ago forts were commenced in the sea, which might bring all parts of the deep-water channel within about 1,000 yards range. This work was undertaken in spite of much opposition, in the belief that, by the time the forts were finished, guns would be produced heavy enough to arm them adequately. This belief seems now to be near fulfilment. The expenditure upon our ships and guns has been enormous, and the alternation of sluggishness with activity in wrong directions may well cause despair; but nevertheless, on retrospect, it does appear that some small and slow progress has been made. The sides of the *Warrior* are now compared to basket-work, and her artillery to popguns; but at any rate this ship can go to sea and keep the sea, and she is about to be armed with 12-ton guns. We read in the *Times* this week that "the visit of the Lords of the Admiralty has made a most favourable impression at Pembroke Dock," which means, we suppose, that it is expected that the building-slips will again be fully occupied, and the public money be spent as freely as it used to be when wooden three-deckers were built at Pembroke Dock. But if, as has been hastily assumed, "wood is as good as iron," it is to be remembered that the products of the industry of the shipwrights and smiths of Pembroke are still extant in large numbers in the upper part of Portsmouth Harbour and other sequestered anchorages. It is not credible that we can restore this country's old

superiority as a naval Power by simply painting these ships black, and sending them to sea; but if we were to cut them down, plate them, and put turrets on them armed with 9-inch guns, we should obtain a fleet of vessels for home service which would give great security to our coasts and harbours. For foreign service we can only obtain suitable ships by building them.

#### NATIONAL DEGENERACY.

THE fierce rhapsody which Mr. Ruskin delivered the other day about national degeneracy and Governor Eyre illustrated in a very unexpected way the disadvantages of what sentimentalists call your cold, heartless, repulsive logic. As a general rule, Mr. Ruskin's illustrations are quite the other way. He is as useful to lovers of logic as the Helot was to lovers of sobriety. But for once he enjoyed an advantage over people to whom the law of contradiction is something more than a figment of metaphysicians. It is not every one that can serve simultaneously two opposite truths, and yet cling vigorously to both. The ordinary man holds to one and despises the other. The philosopher who believes that error is usually half-truth, and that truth itself, as grasped by our limited faculties, is rarely whole, loses in depth and earnestness what he gains in catholicity and breadth. But Mr. Ruskin's enviable power of self-contradiction enabled him to believe, with all the vigour of profound conviction, first, that the nation, "blinded by its avarice to all true valour and virtue," was going rapidly to the dogs, and next, that the nation was at heart good and sound. This two-sidedness was no doubt rather puzzling in its special application to the case of Mr. Eyre, but, as a general theory of national corruption and national virtue, it seems to us to have very happily hit off the average view which, as a nation, we take of our character and position. It is Mr. Ruskin's good fortune to represent in his own person the discontent at our political and social shortcomings which fills the press with jeremiads of scornful self-reproach, and yet at the same time, for all practical purposes, plays harmlessly upon the surface of a calm conviction that we are the wisest, best, and greatest nation that ever adorned the earth.

The first half of Mr. Ruskin's theory—that the English nation is in a bad way—is no doubt shared by minds of a very different calibre from his. There are many able and thoughtful men who would go far in the adoption of his creed, translated into plain prose. The portion about the nation "howling in the frantic collapse of their decayed consciences" is perhaps not translatable; but their "shrinking in panic from the side of a people being slaughtered, though a people who had given them their daughter for their future Queen," is only a poetical and forcible expression of the feeling that our persistent policy of non-intervention, through good report and evil report, is in danger of being carried to an extreme very unworthy of the part we have hitherto played in the history of the world, and is likely to bring us into contempt in the eyes of nations not perhaps more powerful than ourselves, but less determinedly pacific. This feeling is pretty strongly entertained even by those who shrink from the side of the slaughtered Danes; that is to say, by those who thought that a war with Germany on behalf of Denmark was manifestly inexpedient. And what Mr. Ruskin says about the nation being "blinded by its avarice to all true valour and virtue, and haunted therefore by phantoms of both," its "shortening the lives of its labourers in order to get needle packets 2d. each cheaper," or "its forcing nations to buy poison at the cannon's mouth," finds an echo—perhaps an Irish echo—in the minds of those who hold that the country has, in some respects, suffered from too long and unchequered a career of prosperity and peace. They think that the unprecedented rapidity of our recent advance in material civilization has inclined us to the notion that the one great duty which a nation owes to itself and others is to get rich. This is set up as the standard by which national morality is to be measured. The sinfulness of war must be determined by its effect upon our pockets. It would empty our pockets to fight Germany, and so the merest hint at a German war calls forth a torrent of virtuous indignation about the wickedness of shedding blood. It fills them to bombard a town in China or Japan, and so there war "smoothes his wrinkled front," and becomes a synonym for converting barbarous nations to the calicoes and cottons of civilization. Our policy of non-intervention, it is said by these critics, might be honest, or at any rate might look honest, if it were carried out uniformly everywhere; but we are self-convicted by observing it in our dealings with the strong, and ignoring it in our dealings with the weak. Civilization is at heart moral, not material. It is not by cotton and calicoes, but by great ideas and great men, that a nation lives a life worth living; and this, our censors tell us, is an age of little men, whose one idea is material success. The nation must degenerate, and lose its place among European Powers, unless it is roused by some great calamity to more heroic considerations than the supply of its animal wants.

It is some consolation to reflect that these complaints about the degeneracy of the age are heard in pretty nearly all ages alike, and are inevitably loudest in ages which have made marked progress in any one direction. The fatal law of limitation which makes it impossible to cultivate to its highest extent one form of excellence without sacrificing some other is no less applicable to nations than to men. A peaceful age develops one set of virtues, a warlike age develops another; and, from the constitutional varieties of human nature, one class of mind can see only the

virtues which the age possesses, while another is always harping upon those which it wants. The saying that every man is the creature of his age is only half-true in the sense in which it is usually interpreted, for many men owe quite as much of their character to the forces with which their age repels as to those with which it attracts them. In an age of conquest and violence, such men can see little merit in chivalrous courage or high-spirited readiness to resent wrong, no matter how committed or by whom, and think their country on the road to ruin because it neglects the arts of peace. In an age of peaceful and material progress, the same men would sigh for the courage and endurance and spirit of self-sacrifice that are developed by war. Until the science of education has attained to such perfection that we can keep all our faculties in perfect order while we only use a portion of them, every nation will be a failure from a certain restricted point of view. A long career of uninterrupted prosperity will deaden the faculties which are never called into full play except in the hour of distress and danger; while, on the other hand, adversity will leave no time for the cultivation of faculties which require leisure and success. It may do no harm to groan over the degeneracy of this material age; indeed it may do good, as a corrective to the more common exultation over its enlightenment; since, of the two extremes, the latter is by far the more mischievous, if only because so far the more effective. But still those who take so gloomy a view of the future of this country, and believe that it is slowly but surely sinking from its old position as one of the foremost Powers in the world, can scarcely have reflected upon what really constitutes national vitality or national decay. To think that a nation is on the high road to ruin because it clings too timorously or selfishly to an unvarying programme of peace and non-intervention is to mistake political for national decrepitude. The confusion is not unnatural, since the policy of a nation is by far the most conspicuous index of the national character. Its Government is set on a hill, and cannot be hid, but nevertheless there are endless other influences operating upon it which are not less powerful because they are less conspicuous. Political and national decrepitude, though as a general rule found together, do not necessarily co-exist. A political system may have become utterly worn out and paralysed, devoid alike of symmetry and strength, just at the moment when, as at the French Revolution, the nation itself is putting forth fresh vigour and life. Nor are the causes of this occasional separation between political and national decrepitude far to seek. The former may be traceable almost exclusively to conditions already passed; the latter depends upon conditions still at work in the present. However bad or decrepit may be the government which it has inherited from former generations, the nation itself is in no danger of decay so long as it has antagonistic principles actively at work in the midst of it. National decay—or, if not decay, at least stagnation—begins with the ascendancy of one form of national life, whether political, social, or religious, to the exclusion or complete subordination of all other forms. And even if the gloomy patriot who sympathizes with Mr. Ruskin's views looks upon our present policy as contemptible, considers our Executive utterly inadequate to the discharge of its duties, and groans in spirit at the reflection that the mistress of the seas with all her money cannot get even a navy, he can still scarcely persuade himself that he discovers in the country at large any symptom of that stagnation which can alone permanently endanger national greatness, inasmuch as it alone stifles the vitality upon which that greatness depends. Antagonistic principles, political, social, and religious, enjoy a vigorous existence, and the most powerful of them all, democracy, may be said to be only just coming into free play. It is ridiculous to talk of national decline, when by far the strongest and most influential of all the agencies now at work in shaping the nation's character and career has not yet fought its way even into the front rank. That, sooner or later, it must gain a greatly increased force seems to us as certain and self-evident as any political truth well can be. And if it ever succeed in establishing an ascendancy, not merely unquestioned, but despotic and exclusive, there will then be some excuse for the political prophets who cry aloud about national decline. The danger is to be looked for in this quarter; and hence the wickedness, or perhaps we should rather say the shortsighted folly, of the demagogues whose incendiary clamour does all that can be done to precipitate a condition of affairs which time alone may be trusted to bring, and against whose perilous supremacy we need all the time at our command to provide sufficient safeguards. The only defence for such agitators is that they do not know what mischief they may help to compass, or that they are provoked by the still greater folly of those who, instead of smoothing the way for the gradual progress of change by reasonable and safe concessions, treat it as if it could be permanently kept at bay, and meet it with an opposition of which the only effect can be to hurry it on too quickly and too far. Apart from all consideration of the good or bad effects of democracy, and whether it be in the main a blessing or a curse, one may at least venture so far as to assure those who fear that this country is likely to become a second-rate Power that their fears on this head have very slender foundation. We refer of course to permanent, not temporary, degradation—an accident which may at any moment overtake the most powerful nation, if lulled by long prosperity into a false sense of security—for no nation ever permanently forfeited its position in which so active and vital a principle as democracy was just coming into play.

As regards the other common charge against this age, that it is

an age of little men, it is perhaps necessary to admit that, if it be true, it is an evil which our national progress, in its present form, has not much tendency to take away. The tendency is, to a great extent, in directly the opposite direction. Whatever gives increase of power to the masses, and also enables their collective strength to be brought to bear, whether by law or opinion, upon each and all the units that compose them, must be fatal to the growth of original genius, and without originality perhaps no man can rightly be considered great. But still too much stress is, we think, laid upon this view. The very organization of forces which crushes individuality in most men gives enormous additional power to the few men who are able to withstand its influence, and, as occasion offers, to place themselves at its head. It gives them opportunities for grand efforts in the cause of civilization, for heroic struggles which are hopelessly beyond the reach of those who have not an enlightened and organized community at their back, and which rarely fail to call forth correspondingly great ideas, and, sooner or later, great men.

#### LEVELLING.

WHEN Haydon the painter visited Paris in 1814, the ashes of Napoleon's last fire were hardly cool. The very book the Emperor had last read was turned down where he left it, and the visitor was admitted to the palaces, and to the very bedroom, of the mysterious being whom he had been taught to regard as the Apollyon of the Revelation. Upon this he observes:—"It was delightful to discover that he who had annihilated armies, hurled down kings, and reigned in the capitals of Europe, did like most of us when alone; that he sometimes fell asleep, sometimes got into a pet if a servant did not answer his bell at once, that now and then he slept longer than he ought, and now and then sat up later, that he poked the fire if it was going out, that he yawned when he was sleepy, and put his extinguisher on his candle when he no longer wanted it." We doubt if people would dare to write in this simple way now, so much is said of the servility and snobbishness of such instincts; but we take it as an illustration of the state of mind inseparable from strong interest or enthusiasm or curiosity concerning any human greatness or distinction. Napoleon had occupied Haydon's thoughts all his life under no other aspect than that suggested by English patriotism. As an Englishman, he regarded him as his enemy, which is assuming a certain point of equality and almost intimacy. Here was another mode of bringing the world's foremost man into personal relation with oneself, and it was "delightful" to him. And here the question suggests itself, can men feel a keen interest of any sort, can they be occupied in any way with another man, without this instinctive search for some thread of actual connection? So long as this desire or hope lasts, enthusiasm lasts; so long as the notion of a possibly real—however fantastic—relation lasts, it lasts; but with the cold conviction that on all sides whatever the object is unapproachable, that through no device of imagination or caprice of fate can any point of touch be looked for, that we are nothing to the great man nor the great man to us, our interest wanes.

Between minds of equal power there must always, of course, be the sense of equality which consists in a mutual understanding. The intelligent reader feels himself in a satisfactory relation to his author, and his interest is stimulated by whatever personal characteristics congenial to his own temper he can discover in him. But our present concern is with the impulse to bring about a sort of actual contact and sense of equality, in spite of all the obstacles of fate and circumstances, with the world's favourites, if they are to be our favourites too. It is an impulse which only when pushed to an extreme tends to subserviency; as part of our nature it is an assertion of independence and common rights. Nobody is so much above us but that there are points where we meet as equals. "A cat may look at a king," and "the self-same sun" looks on court and cottage alike. When this impulse does become a morbid craving, then it is ridiculous or contemptible according as selfishness or mere bad taste directs. The man who trod on the Duke of Wellington's corns with a view of bringing about a colloquy between himself and his hero, though influenced at the moment by both these motives, would, we may be sure, be habitually under the ascendancy of the last. Nobody is interesting to the selfish man on his own account, but solely as he can promote certain aims. He has other views than these interior gratifications. His enthusiasms are very sham affairs, and always tend to a hidden purpose. The propensity we are attributing to mankind has nothing to do with schemes for getting on in life.

We must allow that we see it at work where it is not always obvious on a first view. We shall find some people, for instance, leading the most obscure lives, and removed by circumstances from the possibility of actual contact with the great, wonderfully up in the peerage, with the genealogies of dukes and marquises at their fingers' ends, able to tell you who married who, and to clear up all the intricate relationships of great houses. They do not dream of establishing any personal relation with all these grandees, but we see that a certain intimacy is established; they are by this means on terms to call the aristocracy Tom and Dick, and there is a relish in this lip-familiarity. It is akin to that relief from harsh ascendancy which the populace have always felt in nicknames; their Bess, and Hal, and Little Corporal are the epigrams which have tempered despotism, and made it endurable. Charles Lamb found the familiar antidote against the fear of death frigid and insulting, for "what satisfaction hath a man that he shall lie down with



kings and emperors in death who in his lifetime never greatly coveted the society of such bed-fellows?" but the old saw testifies to a universal instinct. And may we not here put in a word for the *Court Circular*? It is interesting to a prodigious number of Her Majesty's female subjects to know that she walks, and drives, and dines, and goes to Church, and has her children about her, and does a great many things that they do; and we believe that this fact elaborately stated every day in the year both promotes loyalty, and does so on natural principles which may not be defied with impunity. The ordinance of superior and inferior, of high and low, of conspicuous and obscure, needs something to reconcile it to those who are not at the top, and have no hope of reaching that elevation. The exclusive line drawn by rank and state loses something of its sharpness on nearer view. Men can't see kings and queens without seeing that they are very like other people, and they like them the better for it. For though there is a positive satisfaction in seeing the humanity of which we form a part put on the pinnacle which station gives it, it must be *our* humanity; and therefore every proof that it is the same with our own is valued, and loyalty is promoted the more the relation can be established. If it is prompted by the *Court Circular*, it is quickened still more by actual sight. To see the Queen get into her carriage, and to meet her eye and receive a bow of recognition, puts her and her subject in a closer connection. All the vehemence of action which accompanies popular enthusiasm, all noisy applause, all movement and display of whatever kind, comes of a desire to bring upon the admirer a glance or some fragment or mere wave of attention from the idol. The sovereign eye, whoever owns it, flatters where it rests. There is, we believe, no such thing as hero-worship without something in the hero which impresses others with the hope of linking themselves to him; and to this hope is due half the successes of the cause he advocates. It is not the reasoning of the popular preacher which brings a great collection and makes men lavish of their money; they give it with the desire to tell the man who has moved them that his eloquence has charmed the giver—they give it to please him. And nothing is eloquence that does not draw speaker and hearer together. The speaker feels himself to hold the mind of every separate hearer in his grasp, and each hearer feels himself individually addressed and brought into a real and close relation.

The desire for this connection, this union of self with men conspicuously good and great, is known to most as an experience. We all have had our heroes, and know the sensation of linking ourself to them in dream and reverie, and by some positive act when there is opportunity. And in the young we can admire the impulse. But the reason why youth is impulsive and old age cold is often no more proof of generosity in the one than of selfishness in the other. It is only that youth hopes to unite itself in some actual relation with the greatness it admires. When Sir Joshua Reynolds, a boy of ten, thrust his hand through interposing rows to touch Pope, and was rewarded by a shake of the poet's hand, he not only admired genius, but wanted to bring it near himself. We sympathise with the lad, because there was a sort of virtue in the contact, and all people respect the impulse. But when men do such things persistently, no pursuit is more conspicuously vain; it is an inoculation that never takes after a certain age. Besides, enthusiasm itself becomes a sham. The man who forces an introduction, or goes out of his way to get a word or a bow from a celebrity of any kind, does it for the sake of the thing, not with any subtle sense of the greatness elevating his nature. It adds to his self-consequence perhaps, but he aims at no higher eminence than the good lady attained whose portrait is known to collectors as that of a woman who had been in the earthquake at Lisbon, and seen many awful and violent catastrophes; leaving her, we observe, still fat and commonplace at the end. The loyalty of "the vulgar" finds more respectable food in the *Court Circular*. If they are to care for their Queen, they must know something about her, and get hold of something tangible; the Queen is more *their* Queen for it. And the proverbial royal memory for names and faces has its source in the same necessity; it must be derived from a peculiar feeling of ownership, which a King has in a sense in which no commoner can have it. Every individual in the largest crowd is something to him, as being his subject. There are such things as arbitrary memories, which store up everything; but the common experience is that we must establish a relation with a face and a name before we can retain it, and that this connection, even with large numbers, has a surprisingly quickening effect. When a head-master knows his hundreds of boys, and a parson every face of his flock, it is more a sign of relation to a charge than an exercise of mere memory.

The old worship of rank, such as some of us can recall, and which we find depicted to the life in Mrs. Gaskell's novels, seems on a superficial view against our theory, for certainly it was disconnected with any notion of equality. Where people now let their heads run on great folks, there is the notion of making use of them, and getting into their charmed circle. The old sentiment was a veritable cultus, with a vast deal of awe, a sense of the sublime and supernatural in it; a practical belief that about dukes and earls, and their titled sons and daughters, hovered some of the divinity that doth hedge a king. And this fallacy removed from the sentiment much that is merely slavish, and separated it altogether from tuit-hunting. Women then could worship "my lady" without dreaming of a separation from native intimacies; they could reverence her splen-

dour, and count up every detail of it, without a thought of copying it. But the desire of connecting themselves with this bright particular star was still there. An act of merest civility was a thing to be dwelt upon and talked about, as though it had body in it. To be made use of, to be admitted into some small confidence, to be a humble, the humblest, of friends; to get a glimpse behind the scenes; when opportunity offered, to prefer a little trembling advice or pious counsel, and to be tolerated in so doing—all this was to be lifted to the third heaven. This sentiment it was which led the more romantic good ladies of that day—at once scandalized by the life which rumour reported Lord Byron to be leading, and dazzled by his title and his poetry—to address him anonymously, enclosing prayers for his welfare and conversion. There were poets of their own class who, if report told truth, stood in quite as great need of their good offices; but the impulse did not come, because they were not utterly unapproachable in other ways. It is not unnatural that the great people who enjoyed this homage should not always be alive to the change that time brings over all relations. Thus Lady Cowper made a very unlooked-for return for George I.'s gracious attention in sending her from his own table the remains of a boar's-head of which he had partaken. She compares him to old Louis XIV., who, "when he has a mind to make a great compliment to anybody, bites off a bit of sweetmeat and sends the residue to those he would oblige." To be offered a morsel from the fingers of a great man is still the most gratifying compliment in the East.

We have drawn our examples from the classes who are driven to show a natural feeling in a somewhat broad form; but it is well for every man who would be a leader of opinion to bear in mind that inalienable principle of human nature—however diversely it may show itself—which demands, as the first step to exciting interest, the establishing of some point where he and his followers may meet on equal terms of actual association. A name may have weight, but a man can only have active influence so far as people can attain to this feeling towards him. Many persons seem to rely on addressing the world, on keeping their name before the public as a public; but nobody is satisfied long without some sort of personal recognition, though the recognition may be through sufficiently whimsical means. A character for exclusiveness is a rebuff, not only to those whose society is positively shunned, but to all who are not able to fancy the great man in cordial relations with themselves. Such people are always at a disadvantage. Their plans are frustrated, their aims suspected, their powers underrated, through the impossibility which men find of placing themselves at one with them, and of establishing that relation which, however ideal, is indispensable to a right understanding.

#### TRANSYLVANIA.

**A**MONG the districts which lie just outside the ordinary track of summer tourists, there are few more interesting and less known at the present time than Transylvania. The furthest feelers of the Austrian railway system have not yet approached its borders. The traveller has therefore to undergo the purgatory of the old-fashioned journey by diligence; he must be prepared for at least sixteen hours' crawling and jolting in a misshapen wooden box, relieved by an indefinite amount of dawdling at dirty roadside stations. Within the country itself he must be content to suffer many of the evils for which railways are the only cure. He must travel in peasants' carts, innocent of springs, which will jar every joint in his body as they rattle over stony roads. He must abandon his limbs to the ravages of insects of abnormal voracity. He must frequently put up with inns where cleanliness is unknown even as a tradition. And, unless he possesses the rare qualification of an acquaintance with the Magyar or Wallachian languages, he will often suffer the manifold inconveniences of temporary dumbness. On the other hand, it is scarcely possible even for a cursory traveller to miss seeing and hearing much that is interesting, and especially interesting at the present time. The scenery is remarkably varied and beautiful; the Carpathians forming, as it were, a ring fence round the whole country, and sending out spurs which ramify through the whole of the central plains. Sportsmen and naturalists may find bears, wolves, chamois, lammergeiers, eagles, and many other varieties of beasts and birds which have been almost extirpated even in the wildest recesses of the Alps; and persons with a turn for collecting statistical information may speculate on the amount of gold, iron, coal, salt, timber, wine, corn, and agricultural products with which, under different circumstances, Transylvania might supply the rest of Europe. At the present crisis the political relations of the country are, however, the most generally interesting; a very slight observation of them gives a vivid notion of the intricacy of the problem of which the present rulers of Austria must attempt the solution. It is very easy to sum up a line of policy in a single formula, and to suggest centralization, or federalism, or dualism, or some other comprehensive term, as the panacea for all the complicated diseases that weaken and distract the Empire. But the traveller who converts himself for a short time into a receiving box for complaints, and listens to the orators who are only too willing to inductinate him at every turn, gets some notion of the difficulty of translating any such theory into fact.

The population of Transylvania amounts to about two millions. The great majority is composed of three races, the Magyars, the Germans, and the Wallacks, who have lived in the closest possible

contact for many centuries without the smallest tendency to fusion. Three adjacent villages will frequently belong to the three races, and the inhabitants of each differ from their neighbours in many respects as widely as the peasant of an English county from the peasant of Italy or Poland. In religion, they are divided amongst the Greek, Roman Catholic, and several Protestant communions, including a considerable number of Unitarians. It is not uncommon to see four or five churches belonging to different creeds in the same small village. Various branches of the happy family thus mixed in language, race, and religion possessed ancient political constitutions, to which, whether reasonably or not, they had a strong traditional attachment, and which have of late years been arbitrarily disregarded by the Austrian Government. To add one more element of discord, the abolition of feudal rights in 1848 precipitately introduced a new order of things to which society does not appear to have hitherto adapted itself—many of the great landholders having been ruined, without a corresponding improvement in the condition of the peasantry. All these various jealousies, of Magyar against German and Wallack, of Protestant against Roman Catholic, of peasant against proprietor, help to embitter the feeling with which the Magyars at least regard the Austrians. Every existing evil seems to be instinctively attributed to the sins of omission or commission of the Government, and the Magyar is never tired of going over the list of his multitudinous grievances. It must be added that he generally speaks with such grace and spirit that it is very hard for any hearer, and especially for an English hearer, to refuse him his sympathy. The rest of the population are a more inarticulate or a more patient race. The Wallachian is for the most part a mere hewer of wood and drawer of water. If he is to be judged by the report of the superior races, he has all the faults which are characteristic of a race that has been in serfdom for centuries, and a few special faults of his own. He is utterly improvident, lazy, treacherous, revengeful, ignorant, superstitious, and grossly immoral; though otherwise, it is generally added, he is not a bad sort of fellow. His politics consist of blind obedience to his priests, and a certain gravitation towards his brethren of the Greek Church, which the priests naturally encourage. Had the late war continued longer, it was thought possible that the Wallachians in Transylvania would have made some attempt to rise in sympathy with the population of the Principalities. Between the Wallack and the Magyar there lies the memory of hideous atrocities committed in 1848, when the peasants rose against the dominant race; these, however, are generally set down to the credit of the Austrian Government, which, as is strenuously asserted by the Magyars, tacitly encouraged, if it did not actually instigate, them. The German population of Transylvania, on the other hand, is the most educated, the most industrious, and, in some respects, the most intelligent element in the country. It consists of the descendants of colonists, some of whom were imported in the twelfth century, and who have ever since maintained their old language, manners, customs, and distinct privileges. They are as distinct from the surrounding races, and as thoroughly German in every peculiarity, as they were seven hundred years ago. Amongst other marks of their German descent, is a far greater docility, or, as their enemies call it, servility, to the governing powers. Of late it is said that they have been drawing nearer to the Hungarians, and that they are nearly as discontented as their fellow-subjects, although the discontent exists in a considerably more latent form. They entertain, however, a considerable jealousy of the Magyars, on the ground that, in case of a union with an independent Hungary, their separate language and privileges would be in danger of extinction.

It is, therefore, chiefly from the Magyars that the traveller hears the open expression of the discontent which is said to be fermenting throughout the whole country; and from them he hears of little else. From the nobility, or the clergy, or the professors, down to the lowest classes whose knowledge of foreign languages enables them to communicate their feelings, there seems to be incessantly "steaming up a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong," of which, however, the words are uncommonly strong. The views which are put forward in every variety of accent, but with great uniformity of purport, are generally to this effect:—The Austrian Government, they say, has for the last eighteen years been ruling simply by main force. Its rule has been marked, not by cruelty, but by intense stupidity. It has sacrificed everything to the one purpose of raising a gigantic army. It has utterly disregarded all the rights and privileges that previously existed in the country. It has done nothing for the education of the people, and nothing for the development of their material resources. It has simply enforced the conscription, and raised a tax so heavy as to make the country every year poorer, until it is now on the very brink of ruin. At the price of crushing all internal energy it has succeeded in keeping up a great army. If that army had done anything worth doing, the policy, though wicked, need not have been foolish; unluckily the army was shivered to atoms in a week. The only question upon which Hungarians differ is as to the nature of the resistance that should be offered. A considerable number seem to see their only hopes in the complete destruction of the Empire. The House of Hapsburg, they say, will never learn anything. Their pretended concessions to Hungary are merely an attempt to deceive the people. The proposed responsible Hungarian Ministry will never really be brought into existence. These ardent revolutionists regretted the peace, and only prayed for another Königgratz. One more defeat would have hopelessly shattered the Empire. If Klapka's expedition had

penetrated into Hungary, he would have speedily found an army rallying round him sufficient to establish Hungarian independence. On the other hand, older and cooler men generally admit the impossibility of the Hungarians setting up for themselves. A small and poor nation, isolated, and without the sympathy even of a great part of the races inhabiting their own country, could only expect to meet the fate of Poland. They could not preserve their independence between Germany and Russia. Those, however, who use this language are equally strong on the necessity of Austria granting the fullest claims of the Hungarian people. They wish for nothing but a personal union with the other provinces of the Empire. In short, whatever the exact amount of revolutionary feeling, it is impossible to meet a Hungarian man or woman in Transylvania who is not eager to talk politics, and their one political topic is denunciation of the Austrian Government with all the bitterness that could be expected from an oppressed people.

What course should be adopted by the Austrian Government to unravel this tangled web of difficulty is a question which we need not here discuss. One thing, however, is plain. That which gives much, if not most, of its extreme bitterness to the feeling of the people, that which spreads disaffection amongst an ignorant peasantry and docile Germans, is the material distress of the country. After abuse of Austria, the most favourite topic is the gradually increasing poverty of the people, the ruin of rich and poor alike, and the utter impecuniosity of all classes. One cry repeated everywhere is the want of money and the want of railroads. In fact, travelling in Transylvania becomes almost melancholy from the constant lamentation of the people. In one place you are told that schools are failing for want of subscriptions, which people cannot now afford; in another, that the peasantry are selling their land, and falling more deeply into debt every year; in a third, that corn is absolutely rotting in the ground for want of purchasers; and, meanwhile, the taxes are being steadily raised. Yet Transylvania is naturally a country of almost superabundant wealth. In mines and in agricultural products it is astonishingly rich. Whether better government could cure all the evils which prevent its reaping the benefit of its natural productiveness may be doubted. The Wallachian peasantry will probably continue to be idle and useless for a good many years; and the transition to a healthier state of society after the abolition of the old feudal régime must naturally be a work of time. But at any rate a railway system is imperatively required before the country can become, for commercial purposes, a part of the European community. Owing to the jealousy between the Germans and the Magyars, several years passed before a railway was begun, because it could not be decided to which of two towns it should be first constructed. At last it was commenced, and the earthworks were finished for a considerable distance. Having got so far, it was again abandoned, and the works have been left unfinished for some years more. It is said that a concession has just been obtained for its completion, and it is hoped that this is a good omen for some future efforts in the same direction.

#### MR. PANIZZI AND THE CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSIONERS.

A VERY pretty quarrel has been going on for some years between Mr. Panizzi—or, as he prefers to be styled, the Principal Librarian of the British Museum—and the Civil Service Commissioners. The liberality of Parliament, which contributes so much to the comic literature of the country, has, for the amusement of the people, printed it. The cause of war is, of course, the examination of candidates for situations in that department of the public service. It may be suspected that the officials of the Museum never entered very heartily into the system of the Civil Service Commissioners; and they seem to have thought, not altogether without reason, that on the whole they were as good judges of the qualities and abilities required in their subordinates as the Examiners of the Commissioners. With this feeling on the one hand, a corresponding attitude of uncordiality, to say the least of it, was sure to grow up on the other. When two dogs set up their bristles, we may soon expect a growl, a snarl, and a case of flying at the throat. The nominees of the Trustees who were sent up to Westminster for examination were sent up very reluctantly, and were consequently plucked almost to a man. No doubt this must have vexed Mr. Panizzi and the Trustees and the Heads of Departments considerably; but most fortunately—that is, fortunately for the issue of a glorious paper war, and in the interests of comedy generally—one candidate was lucky enough to pass; and this candidate, when he came to work, was found to be ludicrously ignorant and incapable. With these two strings to his bow—first, that the Civil Service Examiners had rejected excellent candidates, and next, that they had passed a most incompetent candidate—Mr. Panizzi sends his deadly arrows into Mr. Walrond, Secretary. The typical cases are those of Mr. Gemmer, nominated to be an assistant in the Department of Manuscripts, who received a certificate, but "ludicrously broke down as soon as he was put to the test of actual work"; and of Mr. Butler, already a transcriber in the Department of Zoology, and who had been nominated for promotion to the office of Assistant, a very meritorious candidate, but rejected by the Examiners. Judging from these two cases, a very curious occasion is given to the professional grinders for getting at the sort of standard required by the Examiners. If Gemmer is passed, and Butler plucked, required the amount of ignorance to satisfy, and the amount of qualification to dissatisfy, the Examiners.



We propose to pick out from the Parliamentary paper such materials as will help to the solution of this interesting problem.

Mr. Butler, it seems, was employed in the Entomological branch of the Zoological Department, and was recommended by Dr. Gray and Professor Owen, his immediate superiors, for promotion, because he was a very meritorious youth, and because "he had recommended himself by steadiness, diligence, usefulness, and general good behaviour." But he was plucked. Why? Because he failed in knowledge of the Literary History of England. Poor Mr. Butler's blunders are some of them ludicrous enough. Being asked to place certain authors in chronological order, he arranged them thus:—

Sir T. Wyatt	Marlowe
Ben Jonson	Locke
Cowper	Southey
Beke	Selden;
Thomson	

and he also ventured on the curious statements that "Southey wrote a poem called the 'Doctor'"; that "Chaucer, in the reign of Richard II., wrote several sonnets"; that "Sir W. Temple caused a slight rebellion in Ireland"; and that "Lord Bacon wrote an Essay on the French Revolution." On this ingenious and elaborate *fiasco* the Commissioners take a dignified stand. If they were to apply any test at all, could they pass such a blunderer? The Principal Librarian is equal to the emergency. He "cannot refrain from expressing grave doubts whether such questions as—

'How many English sonnets has Milton left us?'

'Write out one.'

'Write out any striking passages of ten or twelve lines that you remember of one of Burke's speeches, stating the connection in which it occurs.'

'Is there any readjustment you can propose of the parts of speech in English? Point out the incorrectness of their distribution as usually found in English grammars'—

are well adapted to test the qualifications required in a junior assistant in the Zoological Department of the British Museum." And, by great good luck, in gravely reciting poor Butler's blunders, the Civil Service Commissioners fell into one themselves. It turned out that the promising entomologist did not say that Sir W. Temple caused the Irish Rebellion, but that Dean Swift did. Whereupon Mr. Panizzi remarks, with the most admirable gravity, that "Mr. Butler had in his mind the Drapier's Letters, and his statement therefore was not so absurd after all;" and he spitefully adds, "When we find a gentleman of mature age, a Civil Service Examiner, with all the leisure and tranquillity he could wish, putting the name of Temple for Swift, why should we not make some allowance for a young entomologist's confusing the names of Bacon and Burke." This is of course great fun; and in this round, to use the language of the Ring, the Russell-Street pet comes up smiling, counters heavily on the Examiner's mug, and punishes him severely at the ropes. Indeed we might have said much more, or rather, we can say much more, than Mr. Panizzi said. The Trustees of the Museum, having submitted to the examination system, and having accepted a scheme for their nominees of which an acquaintance with literary history was an integral part, could not complain, as we can complain, of poor Butler's rejection. We say, what Mr. Panizzi would like to say, that as regards certain appointments the whole examination system is a farcical piece of pedantry. Mr. Butler is—so say Professor Owen and Dr. Gray—very skilful in bugs, and decidedly trustworthy and competent in the matter of centipedes and earwigs, and therefore there is not the slightest occasion that he should ever have heard of Dean Swift, or the Battle of Hastings, or the true doctrine of the subjunctive mood, or the number of Milton's sonnets. What he was wanted to do was, not to readjust the parts of speech, but to put together a beetle's legs and wings. Though he could not say this, Mr. Panizzi could say something very much to the purpose, and which must have teased the dons not a little. Upon what principle, plaintively inquires the Principal Librarian, is a man, candidate for the office of "attendant"—that is, a mere messenger—asked such a question as this?—

"If a man rows at the rate of 7 miles with the stream, the rate of which is 2½ miles, how fast will he row against it?"

This, Mr. Panizzi says, is a puzzle, and merely meant to puzzle. He then gives a grammatical paper:—"Give the plural of the following substantives:—*Knife, wife, die, my, house, grouse, wealth, donkey, country, ox*; or if any of them have no plural, state the reason why they have not"; and proceeds to a mischievous commentary. "So that a candidate is to state why certain words 'have not no plural'! Would it not be as well to set before young candidates examples of good English, instead of urging them to reform the grammars in use?" Very pretty fibbing again on the Librarian's side, to whom we should have awarded an honorary certificate for his skill in syntax, had he not himself ventured upon a tremendous spurt of sewage into the pure well of English undefiled by the invention of the word "ultroniously."

But the Butler case is not Mr. Panizzi's heaviest piece of artillery. Mr. Butler's rejection—and there are a score of others—was important as pointing the Chief Librarian's grave and solemn reflection that "the Civil Service Commissioners are appointed to ascertain that the candidate possesses sufficient qualifications for the office to which he is appointed, not how much more he possesses than is sufficient." To show, by an induction of particular instances, that the Examiners always plucked the right man is a good objection; but it becomes absolutely perfect when

it is clenched by the parallel proof that they have a trick of passing the wrong man. Mr. Panizzi perfectly howls with delight over the great Gemmer case. This was the man certificated by the Commissioners for the post of Assistant in the MS. Department, who "proved so totally unfit for the place that he was advised to resign it—advice with which he complied rather than run the risk of being dismissed for incompetency, as he certainly would have been on a report from the Head of his Department." As Mr. Gemmer has printed and circulated a pamphlet on his wrongs, complaining of the partiality and injustice of his superiors, and proving his great literary acquirements and fitness for the post which he was compelled to resign, Mr. Panizzi, though the gentlest of men, for once forgets his lovingkindness and execrates the unhappy gentleman. This position of affairs relieves us from any sentimental feelings towards the victim which delicacy or the terms of the Cruelty to Animals Act would have imposed on us. Mr. Gemmer says that he was certificated for his ability in Latin and French; to use his own words, he "bases the strength of his case upon having passed the examination." That is to say, as Mr. Panizzi puts it, "I have got my certificate from the constituted judges of my fitness; you Museum officers have no jurisdiction"; and the comment is, "If Mr. Gemmer had not shown unparalleled unfitness—had he been only moderately ignorant—it would have been impossible to get rid of him, owing to the Civil Service Commissioners' certificate." To a humane and gentle spirit it must always be a sad duty to expose anybody's immoderate ignorance and unparalleled unfitness; and Mr. Panizzi's charity, which thinketh no evil, must have been painfully agonized in the duty of showing up Mr. Gemmer. Duty alone impelled the gentle Librarian; nothing less than duty. Of course, no recollection that the Department had been charged by Mr. Gemmer with fostering injustice, "partiality, petty scandals, and personal bickerings," guided the Chief Librarian's pen. Mr. Gemmer says, "I was unfairly dealt with at the Museum. I, being an assistant in the MSS. Department, was set to transcribe and collate charters and crabbed old Latin which was contracted and queer." This line taken by Mr. Gemmer "renders it necessary for Mr. Panizzi to give proof of Mr. Gemmer's utter incompetence for the place which he wisely resigned. No one has ever accused him of being ignorant of mediæval Latin, of being incapable of deciphering manuscripts, or of being unable to perform what he never expected to perform. The charge was and is that he is lamentably ignorant of Latin and French"—"a person who commits such blunders must be sent to school and not kept in a public institution." Here is the proof:—

1. From the Epistle of Jerome to Paulinus, in a printed edition of the Bible, Mr. Gemmer transcribes:—

Taceo de meis similibus, qui si forte ad scripturas sacras post seculares libros [litteras] venerint, et vermone posito [sermone composito] aures populi mullerint [mulserint], quicquid dixerint, id legem Dei putant.

2. From a MS. Mr. Gemmer transcribes:—

Ancilla peperit Dominum, creatura creatorem, filia patrem, filia divinitatis vir [mater] erat humanitatis.

3. From the Irish Close Rolls Mr. Gemmer reads:—

Rex majori et ballivis *Dublinensis*,  
in portu et litoribus *Dublinensis*,  
in portu *Dublinensis*,

and he dates the document from *Dublinensis*.

4. From a MS. well written Mr. Gemmer transcribes:—

"De Aspice [Aspide].

Aspis quorum tam [quorundam] verborum virtute incantatur, ne veneno necent, vel ideo, ut dicunt quidam, ut quieta possit capi et auferri de fronte ejus lapis pretiosus, qui in eo naturaliter nascitur. Si [sed] naturaliter cauta est contra incantationem, *nasonem* [nam] aurem terre affigit, alteram cauda obturat; "

and translates:—

"The asp is charmed by virtue of certain words to render his venom innocuous or as some say in order that he may be quietly captured and borne away: on his forehead is a precious stone which is naturally born in it. If it has been caught in its wild state, it plants its nose and ear in the earth, and stops up the other ear with its tail."

5. From Jerome's Epistle to Desiderius, MS.

It is headed:—

"Incipit prefatio ieronimi presbyteri ad desiderium episcopum."

The concluding sentence is:—

"Nunc te deprecor, desiderii karissime, ut quia tantum opus me subire fecisti, et a geni exordium capere, orationibus juves, quo possim eodem spiritu quo scripti sunt libri, in latinum eos transferre sermonem."

Translated by Mr. Gemmer:—

"Now I entreat thee, dearest *desire* } that since the work you have made me }  
brother } undergo is so great to take the commencement from Genesis, thou shalt live by }  
discourse; and by the Spirit by which I am enabled by the same Spirit by }  
which the books were written, to render them into the Latin tongue."

6. From a volume of French letters (the writer is speaking of the ravages of an epidemic) we have the following:—

"Ce qu'il doit faire craindre que le mal se communiquera dans ces jours caniculaires par toutes les villes."

Mr. Gemmer translates:—

"He expresses his fear thereof, lest by means of the canals the contagion should spread."

Four folio pages of the like follow; the sum of the proof Mr. Panizzi gives:—

The charge was and is that Mr. Gemmer is lamentably ignorant of both Latin and French. A person who thinks that "desideri" can be the vocative case of "desiderium"; who understands of an animal designated as "cautum" or "cauta" that it is caught; who reads the contraction of "mater" as applied to the Virgin Mary, as "vir"; who in supplying the ends of adjectives writes "ballivis Dublinensis" and "Dublinensi" for the name of a place; who supposes that "jours caniculaire" means canals, &c. &c.—a person who commits such blunders is, &c. &c. &c.

No doubt this is galloping ground for Mr. Panizzi; there is, in the unlucky Gemmer's portentous stupidity, almost enough to justify the suspicion entertained by one Museum official, that "perhaps the Examiners were asleep." But after all, what it amounts to is this; and the Commissioners would have done wisely in meeting the issue. Gemmer is what a vast number of other half-educated people are; a student in the London University, and an usher in a school, and "he proudly claims to be the grandson of Bland of Kenilworth, author of the Greek Anthology" (and a very curious author he must have been), and by a "flake" or a "shave" he got through at Dean's Yard. But he is ignorant and conceited, and utterly unfit for the post to which he was appointed. The moral on the one hand is that no examination will invariably detect incompetence; the moral on the other hand is, that work and experience constitute the only test of qualification. Some people will add the conclusion that, if this is so, the Civil Service Examination is superfluous when it succeeds in its object, and, as in the Gemmer case, mischievous when it fails.

#### THE VALUE OF GOOD LOOKS.

IT used to be one of the glories of the land that a pretty maid might walk with a bagful of guineas from York to London without fear of molestation. We have improved upon this delightful state of things, for it has ceased to be a matter of importance whether the guineas are her own or not. If the pretty maid should have stolen them, she will go unmolested just the same. At least there seems to be some prospect that there is to be one law for the pretty and another for the plain, and, as usual, the plain are to have the worst of it. Justice is no longer to be blind, at the Middlesex Sessions at all events, where for the future lovely woman may stoop to folly in the shape of larceny with the most perfect impunity. Henceforth,

A maiden's smile

May light her in safety around the green isle,

though she may steal a five-pound note from every dwelling-house the green isle contains. A young woman blessed, according to the reporters, with "fair hair, light blue eyes, small mouth, and regular features"—"a very interesting girl dressed in the dress of a lady of the *corps de ballet*"—was so unfortunate as to run away from home in pursuit of a young man to whom she was ardently attached. Mr. Payne, the too famous gentleman who administers justice in so remarkable a manner on Clerkenwell Green, declares that the young man was "evidently unworthy of her." However, the lady tried to make herself more worthy of him; so, after being deserted and thrown on the streets, she got a situation as servant to a tailor, and the same night disappeared with some of the tailor's property to the value of five pounds. If she had been a common ugly drudge, she would have got a couple of years' imprisonment possibly for this little slip. But here her face became her fortune. The fair hair, light blue eyes, small mouth, and regular features made all the difference in the world between the interesting culprit and the ordinary thief. The fact too that, in the reporter's lyric phrase, she was "dressed in the dress" of a ballet-girl, began to tell; though if, as appears from the reports, she was clad in this extraordinary attire from the 14th of August, when she was taken into custody, until the 13th of September, when she made her last public appearance, the flesh-coloured tights and voluminous decent gauze drapery must have become somewhat dragged. The jury convicted her, but recommended her to mercy. Mr. Payne expressed a tender sorrow that "so handsome and interesting a person" should have got into so vulgar a place as the dock, and this consideration weighed with him so much that he could not find in his heart to pass sentence upon her. The fortunate criminal was sent back to be talked to by the not less fortunate chaplain. At length the Sessions drew to a close, when Mr. Payne felt bound to pass sentence. He did so, and, instead of imprisonment, the offender was sentenced to go off into the country with her grandmother, after entering into her own recognizances to come up for judgment when called upon. In other words, if she behaves well, her escape with five pounds' worth of another person's property will be pardoned. It was, indeed, high time that something of this sort should be done, for we are assured that on Friday "the prisoner did not look so well as she did on Monday, and her confinement in gaol had evidently been telling on her." A juryman has even written to the papers to corroborate the reporter's account of the falling off that had taken place. Of course, under these alarming circumstances it would have been in horribly bad taste on the part of the Judge not to liberate her. It would have been a becoming piece of reparation on his part if he had gracefully begged her acceptance of a bottle of Kalydor or Balm of Columbia by way of restoring her injured complexion. And the jury, who are said to have felt "a deal of interest" in the prisoner, might have presented her very appropriately with new fleshings and petticoats as a slight token of their respect and esteem for her highly exemplary character, and admirable conduct as a daughter, a lover, a maid-servant, and a member of society generally. It is

of no use professing to feel a deal of interest if you do not show it in a substantial way, and the gauzy skirts of a lady of the ballet are as little substantial as anything that could be imagined. We shall be extremely curious to learn whether the young lady will continue to wear her capricious but only too effective attire down at her grandmother's in the country, and, if so, whether it makes her as irresistible in quiet rural circles as it has made her among the gaolers, jurymen, turnkeys, chaplains, and judges of Middlesex. At any rate, all her acquaintances will know that their property is at her mercy, and that, like an Eastern despot, she may take anything for which she has a fancy, without any fear of punishment. However, "she promised his Lordship"—his Lordship, by the way, is Mr. J. Payne—"that she would be a good girl;" so we may hope that henceforth she will recognise the rather important social truth that property has its rights as well as its duties.

Meanwhile, her case suggests one or two uncommonly sobering reflections. It is all very well to laugh at the chivalrous tendencies of the judge and jury for this pretty maiden all forlorn. But suppose a male reader were to find himself alone in a railway carriage with the maiden all forlorn, *solus cum sola*, would he not, on the whole, wish that instead of being "so very handsome and interesting a young person" she were as ugly as Hecate? He would have every reason to pray to the good gods to work such a transformation in his companion. A farsighted man's hair might be turned grey, in one journey from Peterborough, or Rugby, or Brighton, with terror at the thought of what might be awaiting him at the London terminus. If a handsome and interesting young woman is restless as a convicted defendant, what would she be, when invested with the injured innocence of the plaintiff? If her fair hair, blue eyes, small mouth, and regular features are so attractive and bewitching when she is a convicted thief, the imagination cannot realize her mightiness if she should choose to play the part of an insulted virgin. The chances are about a thousand to one that Mr. Payne and his twelve wise assessors would, without scruple or remorse or hesitation, inflict as many years of penal servitude as they possibly could on any man whom so handsome and interesting a person should choose to accuse of assaulting her. The wretched man's protestations, the circumstantial evidence in his favour, the most unimpeachable testimony to character, would all be as mere dust in the balance against a tear or two, and a sob or two, and a glance or two of the eye, from his comely accuser. He would get into the train at Rugby, say, a prosperous and happy man, and he would get out at Euston Square irretrievably disgraced and ruined, from no fault of his own, but simply because a pretty woman without principle carries men's lives in her hand in a country where people are tried by jury. Or suppose that, instead of carrying off five pounds' worth of property from his house, she should choose to commence against her master the sweet and delicate process of affiliation. What would be his chance of escape? Plainly nothing short of a miracle could save him from being mulcted in his weekly payment if the magistrate happened to be of Mr. Payne's stamp, or, for that matter, of the stamp of eight men out of ten. Only anybody who professes to administer justice ought to be in the exceptional two and not in the ordinary eight. No great harm is done by letting this questionable young woman have another chance in life. She is very likely, under the circumstances, to find her grandmother's house quite as disagreeable as the gaol would have been, and, provided she is not driven back to her old London haunts again, she will at least escape a good many temptations. The disgusting part of the case is that, if she had been ugly, nobody but some unpractical philanthropist would ever have dreamt of giving her another chance. She might have put on all the fleshings in the Covent Garden wardrobe, and still she would have been packed off incontinently to Bridewell without a second thought. And it is still more disgusting to think that it would go hard with a Lord Chancellor, or even an Archbishop, if the erring beauty should take it into her head to accuse him of being a ravisher or a seducer. The coign of vantage which she will occupy should she ever seek damages for alleged breach of promise of marriage is plainly stupendous. No jury in England, still less in Ireland, would scruple about taking the least possible evidence to prove that the promise had been made, or about inflicting the biggest possible fine for the breach of it. And one thing leads on to another. A pretty woman who has got such an advertisement as a trial supplies may look for any number of advantageous offers of marriage. In the instance of the recent heroine who has been sentenced to live with her grandmother for robbing a tailor, the reporters have been so unaccountably careless as to give no address. Of course, as she has only been convicted of theft, she is not so likely to get offers as if she had poisoned her lover. Still she will do well not to throw away her opportunities. Many other deserving criminals would be thankful for them. Meanwhile, let no woman with any regard for her character or position in society take to stealing five-pound notes, unless she is good-looking and interesting. If, however, she is this, she may commit any offence cognizable at the Middlesex Sessions without the smallest apprehension of any unpleasant consequences. Her counsel has only to resort to the plea of Hyperides in behalf of Phryne, a little modified to suit the greater fastidiousness of the present age. The Court on Clerkenwell Green will gnaw their thumbs and grind their teeth like the Court on Mars' Hill in Gérôme's picture, and the lovely sinner is sure of her acquittal.



## THE HARVEST AT HOME AND ABROAD.

AFTER the almost continuous rains of the past few weeks, the most hopeful cannot expect the result of the grain harvest of 1866 in England to be favourable. Although it is erroneous to suppose that fine weather at harvest time does of necessity make grain crops abundant, yet fine weather has the great advantage of enabling the farmer to gather, in the best state for use, whatever the plant may have produced, be it much or be it little. Fine weather does not increase the yield of a blighted plant, nor make the produce of a thin crop equal to that of a thick one. Intensely hot weather at the time of ripening may even do mischief, by causing premature ripeness and preventing the corn from attaining its full development; so that, although the "condition" of the grain may be perfect, the quantity produced will be diminished in consequence of the berry being shrivelled, instead of attaining perfect roundness and plumpness. Rain at harvest time does not materially affect the quantity produced; its chief effect is found in the deterioration of the quality and of the condition of the grain. To form a correct estimate of the value of a crop we must be informed as to its quantity, its quality, and its "condition." Setting aside for the moment the consideration of the quality and condition of the crop of wheat now being gathered, and in the absence of any authoritative agricultural statistics, if we desire to arrive at any estimate of the quantity of the crop we can but take the opinion of skilled observers as published in the journals. The *Gardeners' Chronicle* and *Agricultural Gazette* of the 11th of August publishes the opinions of 180 observers in different parts of the United Kingdom, of whom 21 report the wheat crop in their districts to be "over an average," 96 "an average," and 63 "under an average." The *Gazette* remarks:—

It is necessary to warn our readers that the majority of these reports are already from six to eight days old, and, to be intelligently read, the character of the weather during the past week must be remembered. A gale has been sweeping over the greater part of the island, and a good deal of wheat and oats has thus been lost upon the ground in the midland counties. Besides this, the weather has been generally wet, and this has no doubt aggravated the mischief already done by blight, of which we hear serious accounts in the badly laid districts of Cambridgeshire and Lincolnshire. It will be seen, however, from the table that the returns are generally better than those published last year. The wheat crop is undoubtedly below an average this year, but not so bad as in 1865.

The weather after the publication of these reports continued to be wet, and from the local reports from the very important Fen districts we gather that blight and mildew seriously impaired the prospect of the crop. On the 7th of September Mr. Sanderson writes to the *Times*:—"Reaping commenced in East Kent and South Essex in the last week of July, and was general in the eastern and south-eastern counties in the second week of August." He thinks that, notwithstanding heavy rainfalls, "grain sustained no damage till the 29th of August." "Since then," he says, "rain has fallen every day, and little progress has been made in clearing the fields. All corn, therefore, unsecured, cut or uncut, is considerably discoloured, though it has sustained really little injury, either for malting or milling purposes. With another fortnight, however, of such weather as the present, the consequences will be very serious." And at the close of his letter he says, "I estimate the wheat crop at seven per cent. below average." The *Mark Lane Express*, and other agricultural journals, take a somewhat more gloomy view of the probable yield, based on the reports of those farmers who have threshed; and we observe in the *Times* an account from Ipswich, dated the 11th of September, which says:—"The yield per acre is much complained of, and, from all we can learn from respectable sources who have tested the crop, we do not estimate it over three-fourths of an average one." Coupling with these opinions the general tenor of the "Corn Trade" reports published in the daily papers, we may safely come to the conclusion that the wheat crop is below an average in quantity in England. What the deficiency may be it is perhaps too early with certainty to determine. With respect to the quality and condition of the grain, the continued rains have done deplorable harm. Instead of the crop being ready for use as soon as it could be threshed, we are told that the greater part is being put into rick in a damp soft state, and that it must remain there through the frosts of winter and the cold drying winds of spring before it can be rendered fit for grinding. Some quantity has sprouted, though, it is to be hoped, not to a sufficient extent to have destroyed its use for human food. That which has been brought to market in a sound state is reported by millers to produce a "weak" flour—that is, a flour that when baked gives a small loaf. On the whole, then, we must regard the crop as deficient in quantity, of poor quality, and to a great extent as in bad condition.

Before the repeal of the Corn Laws, such a state of things would have alarmed the nation, and merchants and speculators would have rushed into the markets, and caused a rapid rise in prices. Corn merchants and corn speculators have, however, learnt to their cost, in the years that have intervened since 1847, that a partial failure of the home crop does not bring as its consequence, as it formerly did, famine prices. If any country in the world has a surplus of wheat after its own wants are satisfied, as a rule that surplus is sent to Great Britain. It follows that, if we have a deficiency at home, prices depend to a large extent on the greater or less abundance of crops in foreign parts. It will be useful to consider the information we have as to the wheat crop in foreign States. On the

whole, Russia is the State whose supply to us is most regular, and it is satisfactory to learn that the crop gathered this year is in every respect very good. The samples of it that have reached this country show it to be of finer quality than any received for some years. No very definite information is obtainable as to the quantity of wheat that can be spared by the countries whose shipping ports are on the Danube. Of late years we have not received much wheat from those parts, perhaps because the large admixture of rye and seeds in the shipments renders the sale of it impossible in our markets except at such low prices as are unremunerative to importers. Report speaks of the quality this year as being better and more free from impurities than usual. Egypt has imported considerable quantities of wheat from the Danube in the last two years; as she has a good crop this year, we shall probably receive some cargoes from Alexandria, and the Danube will send to us the surplus which has been absorbed by Egypt since 1864. As we come westward, we find the Banat, and the districts that have Trieste for a shipping port, with a bad crop, instead of the abundant one of last year. South Italy may have some trifling quantity to spare, but North Italy is supposed to have only enough for home wants. Prussia, including her newly-acquired regions, has a crop of average quantity, though chiefly in bad condition. This badness of condition limits the extent to which it can be exported; only steamers can be used for the transport of such wheat, and it must be sent to near ports; such wheat in long voyages would ferment, heat, and become useless for human food. Holland and Belgium are importing countries this year instead of exporting. Spain has little to spare. France now remains to be considered, and, her wheat harvest having been secured earlier than ours, she has been for some time in a position to speak positively of results. Her acts show most unmistakably that, instead of leaning on her for a portion of our supply, we have to dread her as a competitor in purchasing the surplus of countries that have wheat to spare. The important bearing which this change of relations has upon our supply may be appreciated by reference to the Board of Trade returns of the imports of grain in the year ending June 30th last. There we find it recorded that France gave us, in the twelve months previous to that date, nearly a million and a half quarters of wheat, and nearly two million sacks of flour—not quite one-fifth of the whole quantity of wheat imported, and about four-fifths of the flour. Not only are we deprived of this large supply, not only does France compete with us for the surplus of other nations, but also, taking advantage of the lower prices ruling in our markets, she has bought several cargoes of wheats of our own growth and of wheat that we have imported. It would appear, then, on a general view, that we may expect from Europe and Egypt together a supply equal to last year's, less by what France then gave us, and further deducting what France may divert to her ports. There is no region left us to turn to except the United States and Canada. The accounts from the former have been rather conflicting. It appears, however, from the latest information, that the crop of winter wheat, which is grown chiefly in the Eastern States, turns out to be defective to the extent of one-fifth; the spring wheat crop is pronounced to be good, but has been damaged by bad weather to the extent of one-tenth. Canada is said to have a fine crop. The distant region of California is said to have a most prolific crop, of which we may probably receive some after the wants of Australia have been satisfied. Doubtless we may expect the American supply that has failed us for the last two years to recommence. Not that we must expect any large quantity before the spring of 1867; for the great canal system which connects the seaboard with the depôts of Chicago and Milwaukee is closed by frost about the middle of November, and before that time little more will be brought down than will suffice for the winter consumption of the great towns of the East and the South.

Having thus glanced at the sources whence we may expect foreign supplies, let us consider our position, and what our loaf is likely to cost us. To this end, if we compare our position now with what it was at this period of last year, we are told that the stocks of old wheat in the farmers' hands are very small, instead of very large, as they were in 1865, composed as they were of the surplus of two very abundant harvests. The stocks of foreign wheat at London, Liverpool, and the outports are also much smaller than at the same time in 1865. The recent rains have brought on the potato disease to a considerable extent, so that we may expect the consumption of bread to be greater in 1866-67 than it was in 1865-66. And we have already seen that the crop of wheat of 1866 is not so good as that of 1865. We, however, have eaten not only the better crop of 1865, and all our imports of the year, but also the difference between the large stocks of 1865 and the small ones of 1866. It will therefore be necessary to provide a larger supply by importation in the coming twelve months than we have received in the past twelve months. In the past twelve months we have had to advance our price by about ten shillings per quarter to secure what we needed. France having withdrawn her aid, and bidding in opposition to us in all the markets of the world, the conclusion seems inevitable that we shall have to pay still higher rates for what we need, even if America should fill the gap which France has left. In the case of other commodities higher prices bring, as a consequence, smaller consumption. But, in the case of bread, high prices within certain limits tend rather to increase consumption. For the working classes look on bread as the staple article of food. If the price of bread falls, what they save by the fall is expended on meat as a luxury. If the price of bread

risers, less meat is bought, because the money is required for bread, which still is the cheaper food. The working classes are the great consumers of breadstuffs, so that an increase or decrease in the quantity consumed depends on what they buy. In spite of the operation of that bugbear of the farmer, free trade, the grower will find the prices he will receive for his crop remunerative; and while we must expect a comparatively dear loaf for the coming season, we should remember that for three years we have had the advantage of very cheap bread.

It is in his barley crop that the farmer has met his great disappointment this year. Mr. Sanderson, in the letter we have already referred to, says that "the barley crop" "this season has well rewarded the farmer's labour. Almost equal in England in bulk and yield to the great crop of 1864, it will nearly balance the deficiency of last year's crop." "A larger area of this crop is in the fields than any of its sister cereals, and from a large area being allowed to lie in swathe, a considerable quantity has been carried in damp condition." Since this letter was written, the damage done by the continual rains is almost incalculable. The greater portion of the crop is fit only for feeding purposes, and is utterly useless to the maltster and brewer. Fine samples command very high prices; the quotations at Mark Lane already reach 46s. per quarter. So that not only our loaf, but our beer also, will cost dearly. The oat crop, on the other hand, is an immense one in England, so that, as we have had also a good crop of hay, our bills for horse-keep ought not to be extravagant. "The turnip crop," Mr. Sanderson says, "has, with trifling exceptions, probably never been equalled in England." "Everywhere pastures are abundant, and, taking grass and roots together, the supply of autumn and winter food for stock was never more plentiful." Consequently, if the cost of production has any relation to the price paid by the consumer, we may hope soon to see cheaper beef and mutton in our markets.

#### THE HOSPITAL OF ST. KATHERINE.

IN the year 1148, Queen Matilda, with the consent of her husband King Stephen, founded and endowed in pure and perpetual alms the Hospital of St. Katherine, on the east side of the Tower of London, for a master, three brothers, chaplains, three sisters, and six poor scholars. In the year 1273, Queen Eleanor, for the health of the soul of her late husband King Henry, of her own, and of the souls of the preceding and succeeding Kings and Queens of England, gave and granted in perpetual alms to God and the Hospital of St. Katherine, and to Brother Thomas de Lechdale, whom she had appointed master or keeper in the same, and to the brothers and their successors serving and to serve God there, certain lands. And she willed and ordained that thenceforth for ever, out of the issues of the lands, three brothers, priests, together with the master, should be maintained, of whom one should daily celebrate the Mass of the Holy Virgin Mary, another the Mass for the souls aforesaid, and the third the Mass for the day; and that every day through the year, until the 16th of November—namely, until the day of St. Edmund the Archbishop and Confessor—there should be given to 24 poor men for the souls aforesaid twelve pence, and on the said day there should be bestowed upon 1,000 poor men to each a halfpenny. This charter also made provision for three sisters and ten poor women dwelling in the hospital. It ordained that, when in future times the possessions of the hospital should have increased, the number of chaplains, poor men, clerks, laymen, and women should be augmented according to the means of the hospital. Queen Philippa, wife of King Edward III., ordained that the brothers and sisters should visit the sick and infirm, as well in reading to them as asking them questions in any matters of divinity; that when they came from the hall to the chapel they should hold devout conversation; and if they should find fault with the quality or quantity of victuals provided they should be curtailed of victuals and drink, but not punished with stripes; and that the future masters should be professed priests, and perform the duty of their office in the hospital, and keep the society in unanimity. In the year 1698, when Queen Katherine, widow of King Charles II., was patron of the hospital as Queen Dowager, Lord Chancellor Somers, as Commissioner, visited the hospital and ordained that one-third part of the fines received on leases should be applied to the reparation and improvement of the property of the hospital; another third for the use of the master "in order to encourage his maintaining hospitality and doing other pious and charitable things; and the remaining third to be divided among the brothers and sisters equally.

The history and present condition of this hospital have lately been investigated by the Charity Commissioners, whose Report has received less attention than it deserves. It may be found among the House of Lords papers of last Session. We learn from it that the site of the ancient Hospital was purchased more than forty years ago by the St. Katherine's Dock Company. The spiritual supervision of the few remaining inhabitants of the precinct of St. Katherine has been transferred to the incumbent of the adjoining parish of St. Botolph without Aldgate. The Hospital of St. Katherine has been removed to the Regent's Park, and it is probable that neither master, brothers, nor sisters have ever complained of this enforced migration from the East of London to the North-west. The Dock Company paid 125,000*l.* for purchase-money of lands, and 38,000*l.* for a new site and expenses of rebuilding the hospital thereupon; and it also paid compensation to the various members of the society and to its servants for the supposed inconvenience and loss sustained by them from this highly advan-

tageous change. The sum of 2,000*l.*, which was to have been the price of the new site in the Regent's Park, was remitted by the Treasury upon condition of its application towards rendering the premises ornamental to the neighbourhood. It would seem that of late years the institution, as well as the building in which it is located, has acquired an ornamental character. A scheme for the regulation of the hospital was sanctioned by Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst, as Visitor, in 1829, "with a view," as is stated, "to add to the respectability of the establishment," which, as everybody must allow, has of late years been very respectable indeed. The total cost of re-establishment was 44,709*l.* *os.* 7*d.* The results of this large expenditure are described as follows:—

The expense of re-establishing this ancient hospital on a modern site has been enormous, and the erection of the several buildings in connection therewith not a little mismanaged. Little or no allowance was made for the nature of the soil, which was of clay. The foundations were defective, and the dry rot ensued. The outlay on the interior of the Chapel was profuse, and the restoration therein of the Exeter monument alone cost upwards of 1,000*l.* A useless pump placed in front of the Chapel absorbed many hundred pounds; and the Master's Lodge, with its stables, gardens, and conservatory, was an unnecessarily expensive feature of the plan.

A Committee of incumbents of parishes in the East of London have proposed a scheme for restoring the benefits of this foundation to the district to which it originally belonged. The spiritual and temporal necessities of that district would doubtless absorb the revenues of the hospital even more effectually than the costly pump in front of the Chapel, which was perhaps designed to typify a well of salvation reserved exclusively for genteel people. The East-end incumbents have been informed that their proposal is "under the consideration of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners," who, if they act at all, will doubtless act with due regard to vested interests, and will not interfere with the emoluments of existing members of the society. It is to be hoped that departed Kings and Queens are not made uncomfortable by the fact that some of the brothers and sisters, having incomes of only from about 300*l.* to 500*l.* a year, are not able to afford to live in becoming style in the houses which have been provided for them, and therefore prefer not to live in them at all. It would be a pity if "the souls aforesaid" could not rest in peace when it is stated that

The Master's Lodge, together with a coach-house for two or three carriages, stabling for seven horses, conservatory, greenhouses, and forcing-pits, with the appurtenances, stand upon two acres of ground, the property of the Chapter. . . . The premises, for their size, constitute one of the most desirable residences in London. On the basement there are six rooms; on the ground floor a hall, dining-room, library, two drawing-rooms, and another room; on the first floor seven bedrooms and dressing-rooms, together with five attics, and a laundry containing two rooms.

The Hospital buildings are of a more modest and less pretentious character than the Master's Lodge. The stables appropriated to the brothers and sisters are not at present in use. The seats in the Chapel are let to residents in the neighbourhood. Service is performed in the Chapel on Sundays and Saints' Days. Down to the death of King Henry VIII. the Masters of the Hospital were generally priests. Since that time they have been laymen. Many of them were peers of the realm, and nearly all persons of condition. Recently three Vice-Chamberlains of royal patrons have been appointed. The Hon. William Ashley, the present Master, was originally a member of the diplomatic service, which he gave up in 1830, on being appointed by Queen Adelaide her Vice-Chamberlain and Treasurer. In 1848, upon the death of Sir Herbert Taylor, he was appointed Master by the Queen Dowager. He permitted Lady Taylor to occupy the Master's Lodge until her death, and since that time he has let it for his own benefit. He states that residence in St. James's Palace was necessary for the performance of his duty to his royal mistress, and was not incompatible with his duty to the Hospital of St. Katherine. "Upon his first appointment to the Mastership he visited the Hospital four times a week, the brothers then being aged persons; but since that period such visits have been less frequent, as upon the brothers in residence, who have been of late years comparatively young, more particularly devolves the immediate charge of the Hospital." The Master attends the meetings of the Chapter, but seldom the services of the Chapel. He occasionally visits the Schools, but these are considered to be sufficiently superintended by the brothers and sisters in residence. As this picture was drawn by the Master himself, no question can be raised as to its fairness. It is the picture of a luxurious sinecure. "The present Master receives, or might receive, if he chose, about 2,000*l.* a year from the charity." It is true that his stipend, and the average proceeds of fines, amount to less than 1,500*l.*, so that the house is calculated to let at 500*l.* a year. If it be asked why the Master lets his house, the answer must be that, having only 1,500*l.* a year, he cannot afford to live in it. There is not only the house, but the conservatory, greenhouses, and forcing-pits to be kept up, and the stabling for seven horses to be filled; and besides, the Master is bound by the ordinances to "maintain hospitality," which must mean, being interpreted in a nineteenth-century signification, to give sumptuous dinner-parties. So the Master does not reside, and how "the souls aforesaid" are affected by his non-residence does not appear.

There is a popular Irish story in which a Roman priest is represented as hinting to a youth of Protestant proclivities that his grandfather is perhaps at that moment expiating a suspected lapse from the true faith. The grandson retorts with a proposal for the return of the money which was paid to obtain the release of his ancestor from purgatory—"and he in hell, the comfortless crater!"



It may deserve consideration whether the present Sovereign of England might not address a similar argument to the Society of St. Katherine. This society, as it was founded by Queen Matilda and supported by other Queens, was a reality. Now it is a sham. It does not, because it cannot, do that which it was designed to do; and it does almost nothing else. The emoluments of a brother are about 400*l.* a year, and he has a house which would let for 100*l.* a year. The Senior Brother holds a living worth 620*l.*, and he never lets his house. The Second Brother holds a living given him by the Chapter worth 700*l.* a year, and he occupies his house, but has occasionally let it. The Junior Brother did reside in his house until he became British Vice-Consular Chaplain at Dieppe, since which time he has let it. The emoluments of a sister are about 280*l.* a year, and she has a house which would let for 90*l.* a year. The Senior Sister has never resided in her house, because she cannot afford to do so. The Second Sister always resides. The Junior Sister, who was "Preceptress to the Royal princesses," has hitherto been continually engaged at Court, but is now about to come into residence. Perhaps the injunction of Queen Philippa "to keep the society in unanimity" might be best performed if only one sister resided at one time. There is a chapter clerk, a surveyor, a gardener, and under-gardeners, all of whom, according to their degrees, partake the bounty of the pious Queens of England, and have solid reason for considering that the true meaning of *Ora pro nobis* is "Hooray for us." There are twenty bedesmen and twenty bedeswomen, each of whom receives a pension of 10*l.* yearly. They are for the most part servants past work, or decayed tradesmen and governesses. The Chapter has, however, with incredible disregard, not only of propriety, but of appearances, bestowed two of these appointments on its own gardener and schoolmaster, who are thus at the same time paid for work and pensioned as incapable. The school consists of thirty-three boys and eighteen girls, who are the children of "clerks, tradespeople, artificers, and servants." They are clothed and receive an education suitable to their class in life, and the boys are apprenticed, and the girls put to domestic service, by the Chapter. The number of boys in the school was rather larger, but "a reduction has lately been made on the ground of economy." The present gross annual income of the charity is 7,000*l.* a year, and it is supposed that by improved management it might be doubled. The possibility of improvement may be estimated from the fact that, in 1829, the Chapter borrowed 1,750*l.* from its own chapter clerk on bonds at interest, and has never paid them off.

The Court of Chancery administers charities on what it calls the *cy pres* principle; that is, it performs the founder's will as nearly as altered circumstances will admit. The modern Society of St. Katherine would perhaps allege that it proceeds upon this principle, and if its members do not pray for the health of the soul of Queen Matilda, they had undoubtedly good cause to supplicate heaven to prolong the life of their powerful patron, the late Queen Dowager Adelaide. But the contrast between the provisions of the ancient charters and the present condition of the Hospital as above described is startling; and perhaps it would not be unjust to compare the performance by this society of its religious duties with the repentance of Prince Henry, which, according to Falstaff, was transacted, "not in sackcloth and ashes, but in new silk and old sack." It must be added that the spiritual and material destitution of the district in which this Hospital was founded had increased manifold in the seven centuries which elapsed between its establishment outside the Tower of London and its transplantation for ornamental purposes to the Regent's Park. It is time to revert to the ordinances of Lord Chancellor Somers, which directed that the improved revenues of the Hospital should be applied "to such good and charitable purposes as are suitable to the intention of the Royal Founders."

#### SCHOOL ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR a good many years back the middle-class of Englishmen has presented a singular example of heroic unselfishness. By means of its representatives it has devoted itself with immense earnestness and bustle to the discussion of educational questions. A House of Commons returned in a great measure by this portion of the nation has laid out a great deal of the public money in the building and maintenance of schools, and has spent a great deal of its own time in the consideration how these schools can be best managed, and what shall be the instruction given in them. The rights and wrongs of a Conscience Clause, the relative merits of local rates and imperial grants, the advantages or the hardships of only paying for results, have each of them afforded an ample field for the display of Parliamentary eloquence. And all this enthusiasm on the part of the middle-class has been absolutely disinterested. No part of this charity of theirs has either begun, continued, or ended at home. Departmental organization, official experience, University training, have all combined to make the Committee of Council for Education what it is; and the very constituencies which have aided in turning out this product might justly lament with the prophet, "My own vineyard have I not kept!" So much of their zeal has been appropriated to the education of the lower classes, that none of it seems to be left for the education of their own children. To teach small rustics to read, write, and cast accounts requires a whole apparatus of training colleges, certificated teachers, and Government inspectors. To be entrusted with the education of the children who will grow up to be the really governing class of the

country, all that seems to be needed is an advertisement in the newspaper, a lithographed prospectus, and a tolerable connection among parents. That the first of these requisites should be any help, either to man or woman, is one of the strangest facts that we know of. We can understand people going to the supplement of the *Times* for a cook or a housemaid, because the fitness or unfitness of the candidate is a matter which is easily tested; and if the experiment is a failure, no harm comes from it beyond a little passing inconvenience. But the training of children is a rather more serious affair, and the conditions of success in it can only be ascertained by experience, and probably not until it is too late for the person who has ascertained them to turn his experience to any profit. Judging, however, by the number of schools which daily put themselves forward side by side with the companion column of "Want places," the existence of this distinction is not generally admitted. Advertising is an expensive process if it is done on at all a large scale, and we should hardly find so many school proprietors having recourse to it if it were not found to answer in the long run. We suppose there must be some test by which the parents who are caught by these appeals suppose themselves to verify the assertions of the advertisement, or else there would be an unlimited competition in descriptive writing of which at present we see but few traces. But it is very hard to conceive what the particular test can be, and we can well fancy a father or mother being utterly at a loss how to judge between the various inducements put forward to secure the possession, in an educational sense, of their still ignorant offspring.

Beginning with the earliest educational stage, perhaps the best school will be that which can most nearly reproduce home. The object of our desires is to be had, and had on the most reasonable terms. The most economical temper cannot call 1*l.* 4*s.* per month too much to pay for "home with education," including "parental kindness and diet unlimited." A further outlay of 3*s.* a year will enlarge our field of choice. It will give us "a happy home for children, with board and education," on the "inclusive terms of 4*l.* per quarter." Make it guineas, and another "happy home" opens its gates to the inquiring parent, and offers the "advantages of a superior education." The next entry on our list is rather more costly. "Six orphan children are received at twenty-four guineas yearly." But then there is "no vacation," so we get six additional weeks thrown in, and the education is "thorough, qualifying them to become useful in a household." A somewhat similar inducement is offered in a more advanced "ladies' school, where careful training for the performance of every-day duty forms the basis of solid education." In this case we have the further assurance that "the principal, aided by competent assistants, offers the most satisfactory references to pupils long under tuition." It is difficult to see how the success of a "careful training for the performance of every-day duty" can be tested by a reference to old pupils, unless the latter are prepared to undergo on the shortest notice an examination in household work at the request of every visitor who has been attracted by the advertisement. Or are we to suppose, seeing that "the principal" describes herself as aided in the offer of a reference "by competent assistants," that it is part of the duty of the junior teachers to personate "pupils long under tuition" who are accidentally staying in the house? If the discipline here shadowed forth seems too severe, there is still an alternative open to us. "Seven guineas per quarter" will secure not only the usual "happy home," but also "kind indulgences, perfectly including English, French, music, dancing, deportment, needle-work, books, pew, and laundress." After a list which takes one's breath away as this does, it seems superfluous to add "no extras."

When we come to a more advanced age, the separation of the sexes begins, and "children" become "young gentlemen" and "young ladies." For the former "thirty guineas" seems the favourite sum, though occasionally "Greek, Latin, French (by a resident native), mathematics, algebra," which is apparently regarded as something distinct from mathematics, "mapping, globes"—why is not consistency preserved by calling the last branch of study "globing?"—and all the essentials of a first-rate education "may be had as low as "twenty pounds per annum." We had no idea, until we came to study these advertisements, that there was so much land still left unbuilt on in the neighbourhood of London. Almost every school is within a very few miles of town, and they all stand in the midst of extensive grounds. In one instance there are "23 acres of ground, with dairy, large garden, and diet unlimited and of the best." In another educational paradise there are "playgrounds, gymnasium, pleasure gardens, and extensive cricket fields." The diet is, by a seeming contradiction in terms, "strictly unlimited." Domestic comfort is "made a matter of high consideration," and the physical, social, and moral welfare of the students is secured by "gentlemanlike companionship, good drill, parental discipline, and lofty dormitories." If there is a drawback, we should be inclined to look for it in a too exclusive devotion to a single bodily accomplishment. "Warm baths," we are told, "are in constant use during the winter months, and good swimming during the summer." We cannot help thinking that constant swimming during one half the year and constant warm baths during the other half must be too exhausting a mode of life to leave much time for other occupations. However, as the school is described as "of proved and established repute by youths having been made successful in life," we suppose that this alarm is groundless. Another principal advertises that he "has in all cases, when requested by the

parents, been able to provide for his pupils situations at a salary of at least 20*l.* per annum." This gifted person only charges "for tuition of dancing, drilling, singing, and brass-band instruments, 5*s.*, collectively or separately, per quarter." What is the difference, we wonder, between "5*s.* collectively" and "5*s.* separately"? Is it only another way of saying, either in one payment or by instalments?

Sometimes, it appears, these advertising schools actually suffer by the unselfish care which is taken of the boys' advancement. Thus "success in a recent public examination causes vacancies in a good school." The parents of some too early made A.A.'s have obviously removed their sons a little sooner than they intended, and consequently "boys of fair attainments"—stupidity or vulgarity would evidently operate as an insuperable bar to admission at most of these schools—may "now be received at greatly reduced terms." At an "old-established ladies' school there are vacancies owing to the Bank crisis"—a statement which suggests that all the pupils are daughters of merchant princes, and gives an air of capital to the whole concern. More generally, however, no reason is given for the occurrence of "vacancies," and the uncertainty of human affairs is illustrated by their being always "unexpected." Accordingly they are invariably to be filled up "at greatly reduced terms," which are sometimes more exactly defined as "half the prospectus charges." On the whole, however, less originality is displayed in the advertisements of schools for "young ladies" than in those for "young gentlemen." The "comforts of home," and "instruction in English, French (conversational), music, and drawing," are the staple inducements, and they are repeated over and over again with very little variety. We presume the reason of this is that even less care is taken in the choice of a school for girls than is shown in finding a school for a boy.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the thoroughly unsatisfactory character of such a state of things as is shadowed forth by this class of advertisements. It does not offer a single guarantee for the attainment, or even for the pursuit, of any one of the ends for which education is valuable. The men and women who insert these and a hundred like announcements can give no evidence beyond their own word, and the possibly garbled testimonial of an ignorant parent, that they are qualified for the work they profess to undertake. The education of a child in a National School is probably fenced round with safeguards. The master who instructs him has received a Government certificate that he is fit for his post; the discipline and appointments of the school must be such as to satisfy an impartial inspector; and the value of the instruction given is tested by an examination into the results. Not one of these securities exists in the ordinary middle-class school. The teacher may be a man whose only reason for taking to school-keeping is that he has failed in everything else. He has undergone no examination in the subjects he professes to teach; he has no certificate from any independent source; his school is subject to no inspection, and therefore no one can say whether the system pursued there is likely to have any result beyond that of putting a certain quarterly payment—small enough, and hardly earned enough, we quite admit—into the pocket of the proprietor. And though the University Local Examinations have done something to provide a test of proficiency, yet, as it is only applied to selected instances in every school, there is no certainty that the successful candidate has not been crammed for a show performance at the cost of mentally starving all his less promising companions. We should have more faith in the claims of the middle-classes to the share which they possess in the administration of public affairs if they showed a little more intelligence and a little more interest in a matter of so much national as well as personal moment as the education of their own children.

#### THE WORCESTER FESTIVAL.

ABOUT this time last year we had to record the complete success of the Gloucester Musical Festival, in spite of undisguised antipathy on the part of the Bishop of the diocese and frigid toleration on that of the ecclesiastical authority next in degree. Bishop Ellicott, whose High Church "proclivities" were notorious, had "requested that he might not be asked" to deliver the charity sermon. Dean Law, as notoriously Low Church, had informed the Stewards ("in terms as cold as he could freeze") that "on this occasion the Cathedral would not be withholden"; but at the same time, forgetful of the precedent set by Bishops Rider and Baring, who were as strictly "evangelical" as himself, he positively declined to preach. This behaviour was countenanced by at least two of the Prebendaries, and both episcopal throne and decanal stall were vacant at a time when they would have been most adorned by the presence of their recognised occupants. Nevertheless, and in face of other calamities due to the deficient experience of a new conductor, the Festival was a great success, and at the end Mr. Secretary Brown, by the silent eloquence of a balance-sheet which showed the Stewards there was no deficit, succeeded in enlisting the support of a large number of them, there and then, for the meeting of 1868.

But, the Gloucester difficulties in 1865 disposed of, there arose new difficulties for Worcester in 1866. The Dean of Gloucester, in granting the use of the Cathedral, had simply yielded, against his own conviction, to the superior force of public opinion. At

Worcester, Dean Peel, had he been of the same mind as his brother of Gloucester, would have found his position strengthened by powerful aid from without. One of the richest noblemen in the land, and a great Worcestershire magnate, "held strong views" about the propriety of granting the use of the Cathedral for the performances of oratorios, and was ready to back up those "strong views" with the strongest of arguments. Earl Dudley regarded the festival performances as "a desecration of the Holy of Holies." He would give so many thousands towards repairing and restoring the Cathedral, and so many thousands to the fund for the widows and orphans, with the understanding that the House of God should no longer be used for purposes connected with the music-meetings. But in making this offer his Lordship was, in fact, proposing neither more nor less than the abolition of the Festivals. The peculiar attraction which attaches to the annual gatherings of the Three Choirs of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester, which has sustained them so long, and while possessing which there can be little chance of their ever going down, is—as every one knows—the Cathedral. Take away the Cathedral, and the meetings of the Choirs must either be abandoned altogether or sink down again into what they were for many anniversaries after the famous and too frequently quoted sermon preached by Dr. Thomas Bysshe (at Gloucester), on the 10th of September, 1724, which initiated them. It was on this occasion that the first collection was made at the Cathedral, "for placing and assisting the education and maintenance of the orphans of the poorer clergy belonging to the dioceses of Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford, or of the members of the respective Choirs"—a purpose to which the Festivals, from that time till now, have very materially contributed. In other words, these great gatherings would once more drift into the plain meetings of the Three Choirs, the interest belonging to which must necessarily be no other than exclusively local; and in lieu of the yearly 1,000*l.*, which for a very long period has been the average product of the collections at the doors of the church, the Fund would have to put up with less—much less, indeed—than an average 100*l.* Fortunately, however, Lord Dudley's opposition was unavailing. At Worcester, happily, the *capita ecclesie*—Bishop, Dean, and Chapter in a body—are in favour of the oratorios. The Bishop accepted the office of President of the Festival, the custodian of the keys cheerfully gave the use of the Cathedral, and, when the time came round, kept open house munificently into the bargain. The Mayor and Corporation were with them, and likewise many of the most influential proprietors of Worcestershire and the adjacent counties. The result, in a pecuniary sense, was the most successful Festival ever held in Worcester, Hereford, or Gloucester, the largest attendances at the Cathedral and in College Hall (where the evening concerts are given), and the largest collection for the charity, since the Festival was first made a means of enriching the Fund.

We wish we could add that the Festival was as brilliant in an artistic as it was successful in a pecuniary sense; but unfortunately it was nothing of the sort. The chorus and orchestra, about 350 strong, though formed of excellent materials, again merely served to show how the most competent body of vocal and instrumental performers may be made to appear mediocre under the direction of an inexperienced and inevitably unskillful conductor. That it can ever be otherwise at these music-meetings it is Utopian to expect. Once in three years the local organist finds himself, bâton in hand, at the head of a large body of singers and players, with some of the most celebrated vocalists of the day (and often among whom the queens of Italian Opera), whom he fondly imagines he is directing, but by whom in truth he is directed, and, inasmuch as he is unable to follow, much less to lead, directed to little or no purpose. It is not surprising therefore that the execution of the music, sacred and secular, at this Worcester Festival was neither better nor worse than usual. Of course the attraction of the sacred music was, as always, enhanced by the fact of its being heard in a Cathedral; and under such circumstances even a second-rate performance of the *Messiah* and *Elijah* would have a greater air of solemnity, and inspire a deeper feeling of reverence, than a first-rate performance in Exeter Hall. The new arrangement, too, which transferred the position of the orchestra to the west end of the church and threw open the magnificent choir to visitors, was an improvement hardly to be over-estimated. Music has invariably sounded well in Worcester Cathedral, but never sounded so well before. Besides the great oratorios of Mendelssohn and Handel, on the second and third days, there were miscellaneous selections on the first and fourth. The Dettingen "Te Deum" of Handel, followed by Mendelssohn's anthem, "Hear my prayer," a very small slice out of Mr. Costa's *Naaman* (which, being a new work by a living musician, should have either been given entire or left alone), something from Handel's *St. Cecilia*, and the first and second parts of Haydn's *Creation*, made about as incongruous a mixture of things never formed to assimilate as could well have been devised. This was on the first day; on the third the programme was just as lengthy and just as incongruous, comprising the overture to the second part of Spohr's so-called *Last Judgment*\*, immediately followed by Beethoven's Mass in C, which, in its turn, was directly succeeded by a selection (not a good one) from the first and second parts of Handel's *Joshua*, the whole terminating with the *Lobgesang* of Mendelssohn! Spohr's overture before Beethoven's Mass was

\* *Die letzten Dinge* is its proper title. The real *Last Judgment* is a much earlier work, known by its German title of *Das jüngste Gericht*, composed in 1812.



simply preposterous. The Mass and the *Hymn of Praise* would have amply sufficed for one morning's sacred music. The selection from *Joshua*, too, was quite ill-advised. The oratorio, as a whole, with certain inevitable curtailments of recitative and solo, would have been far preferable. At one of the evening concerts in College Hall, there was a selection from *Euryanthe*, at another a selection from *La Clemenza di Tito*; but neither Weber nor Mozart were made the best of. The only symphony was Beethoven's *Pastoral*, the execution of which was by no means a recommendation to the third and last of the concerts, at which also Maurer's show-quartet for four first-fiddles was played by Messrs. Sinton, Blagrove, Carrodus, and Henry Holmes. Miss Done, the conductor's daughter, a young performer of promise, gave Mendelssohn's first concerto at the second concert, and Mr. G. Collins, of the Royal Italian Opera, a tarantella on the violoncello, at the first. These were the instrumental displays. The principal singers, morning and evening, were Madlle. Tietjens, Mesdames Lemmens, Sinton, and Patey, Messrs. Cummings, Santley, L. Thomas, and Sims Reeves, whose performances in the sacred music were as usual, and who at the evening concerts had nothing new of sufficient importance to need description. It is but fair to add that the very numerous audiences assembled on each occasion appeared thoroughly satisfied with the entertainment prepared for them; and that they must have been pretty well tired out by the excitement of the week, may be gathered from the fact that the ball in the Guildhall was a *fiasco*.

The early morning services, in which the members of the Three Choirs combined their voices daily—with chants and anthems by Wesley, Goss, Ouseley, Aldrich, Croft, Greene, and Boyce—gave satisfaction, not merely to scrupulous people, for reasons superfluous to name, but to those especially who most affect that form of worship in which music plays an important part—as in the full cathedral service of the Protestant Church. Since 1853, indeed (the example being set by Gloucester), the music-meeting has ceased to interfere with the more legitimate purposes of the building, by which many are conciliated who were conscientiously opposed to the Festivals on that one account alone. The sermon delivered by the Rev. T. W. Leigh on the first morning has been unanimously and justly praised, although it was virtually only an elaborate piece of special pleading on behalf of the oratorios, and contained not a single allusion to the charity they are meant to benefit—hitherto the most persuasive argument from the pulpit on such occasions.

## REVIEWS.

### GOETHE'S PHILOSOPHY.\*

HAD Goethe a philosophy? It is well known that he had considerable pretensions to science, and claimed to have made more than one grand discovery. But it is also known that these pretensions were not allowed in the scientific world, and provoked it to ridicule rather than to homage. When, in 1810, he published his *Treatise on Colours*, notwithstanding the influence and active canvass of M. Reinhard, the Academy of Sciences declined to report on the book. One member of the Committee was ominously silent. Delambre cried, "Observations, experiments, by all means; and above all don't let us begin by attacking Newton!" Cuvier still more contemptuously declared that the work was not one which ought to occupy the time of the Academy, and the sitting passed to the order of the day. This was decisive for the world. Of course it was not decisive for the author. His theory only became more dear to himself as a consequence of its ill-treatment. The later period of the poet's life is somewhat deformed by his incessant complaints of the "ingratitude" of men, by tirades against coalitions, coteries, official pedantry, the conjuring-books of the schools, &c. Not content with abusing the mathematicians, who had insinuated that before a man undertook to disprove the Newtonian theory of light it would be desirable that he should understand the calculus, Goethe vented his spleen on mathematics. His naïve effusion against mathematical science will always be quoted as a signal instance of the limitation of the human faculties, and a proof that, however comprehensive the human mind, its horizon is very near on some side or other.

Such was Goethe's science. Did it stand better with his philosophy? It might be thought that the inevitable partition of the kingdom of knowledge applied here also, and that the great imaginative genius would have failed in philosophy as disastrously as he did in science. But this is by no means the case. M. E. Caro, well known for his book *St. Martin le Philosophe Inconnu*, devotes an elaborate monograph to the philosophy of Goethe, which, for the soundness of its criticism and the completeness of its analysis of that side of Goethe's mind, leaves nothing to be desired.

Goethe, the most philosophical of poets, had not a philosophy, if that word is to be understood as meaning a dogmatic system. The characteristic of his mind was, not only its variety, but its versatility. "I cannot content myself," he says, "with a single mode of thinking." His whole nature was so free and large, so comprehensive, so abhorrent of formulas, so hospitable to all the noble conceptions it met with on its route, that it would baffle any critic to construct a system out of his utterances. His constant effort to accomplish in himself

the law of harmonious evolution which he observed around him in nature made him transform his thought into the ideas which suited him at the moment. It is an impossible task to follow the undulations of his thought through all its metamorphoses. In all philosophies, what revolted him, what he considered precisely their unphilosophical part, was the systematic, the *parti pris*, the determination to be consistent. Where he saw logical effort, there he saw the false. Abstract philosophy, detached from the study of nature, he thought an unfruitful pursuit. He considered it one of the most happy circumstances of his life that the force of his will had always "held him free in the face of philosophy." His real point of departure, his only solid support, was the simple reason of a common-sense man. "Art and science should remain independent of philosophy, and develop themselves through the natural forces of the man, if they are to arrive at any good results." He often made it a serious reproach to Schiller, that by taking upon him Kant's yoke he had compromised the divine spontaneity of his nature. His incessantly repeated charge against Hegel was his pretension to construct *a priori* the whole of the universe. When, in 1798, Schelling's *Philosophy of Nature* appeared, Goethe was bitter in his invectives against his false method of creating a world in the name of the Idea. "The ideal," he said, "ends by destroying both the real and itself, as paper issue ends by devouring both itself and the coin it pretends to represent." The young Hegelians were intolerable to him for their assumption, and their contempt of fact and nature. "I cannot pretend," he said in 1828, "that I am fond of seeing these young Berlin savans. Pale faces, eyes bent on the ground, sunken chests, youths without youth, such is the type of the man. When you talk with them you soon discover that all that interests us seems to them trivial and worthless. They plunge at once into 'the idea.' They have none of that robust intellectual health which makes us take pleasure in the things which strike the senses. The sentiments proper to youth and the pleasures of their age are unknown to them, and if one is not young at twenty-one, what will one be at forty?" For Hegel personally he had a great respect. A conversation between the two, on the occasion of a flying visit made by Hegel to Weimar, is recorded. Hegel defends dialectic as being nothing more than the regularization and methodical perfection of that spirit of contradiction which is contained in each man, and which is at the foundation of his greatness as empowering him to distinguish the true from the false. "How then," asks Goethe, "do you account for the fact that these logical artifices are as often employed to make the false appear true?" "That," replied Hegel, "happens only in the case of those people who have some intellectual infirmity." "A much better cure for that infirmity," was Goethe's answer, "is the study of nature. Observation is here the true remedy; nature rejects at once as incapable every man who does not bring the most scrupulous conscientiousness to his observations." Goethe nourished a distrust of all metaphysics. He denounced metaphysics as the eternal fabricator of error and illusion. The groundwork of his praises of Kant was always that Kant had set bounds to the craving curiosity which is ever prompting us to busy ourselves with the things of another world. "Man, as a real being set in the middle of a real world, is endowed with organs for knowing and producing the real. All men in proper health have a consciousness of their own existence, and of the existence of the world around them. But there exists in the brain an empty spot, a place in which no object is reflected, just as in the eye there is a minute point which does not see. By concentrating his attention on this spot, and absorbing himself in it, man can produce mental disease. He discovers in it the things of another world, and fills his mind rapidly with all sorts of chimeras and vague forms, which occasion him much distress and unhappiness."

Goethe, then, had not a philosophy. He was not the follower of any of the reigning schools, nor did he come forward with a system of his own. But we must be on our guard here against a misconception. We must not confound this state of mind with that of the materialist or the sceptic. It is not to be supposed that Goethe was one of those who hate reason, and have settled that philosophy is "all bosh." The enemy of metaphysics and of systems, the attitude of Goethe's mind was the true philosophical attitude. He refused to look at anything through the preconception of a dogma. But the very secret of his power is the constant effort to see each thing in the light of the whole. To open the mind to the actual world, and to let things play freely upon the organ of intelligence, and make their own impression there, was the aim of Goethe's life, and the inspiration of all he wrote. Schiller wrote to him at the beginning of their intimacy—"Do not expect to find in me a great material wealth of ideas; that, on the contrary, it is I who find in you. My art is to make much out of a little. Your effort is to simplify your grand world of thought; mine to seek variety in my narrow possessions. You have to govern a kingdom; I only a family of ideas." Mr. Grote has dwelt with great force on this characteristic of Plato's attitude. Plato does not proclaim authoritative results. He expressly disclaims the affirmative character of a teacher. He does not decide questions and deliver sentence in his own name. He assumes truth to be unknown to all alike, and that he is only a searcher along with others, more eager in the chase than they are. For the same reason that it is impossible to write down a Platonic philosophy, it is impossible to make out a catalogue of Goethe's opinions. The utmost that the critic can do is to delineate his manner of handling the great topics of human interest, neglecting the detail

\* *La Philosophie de Goethe*. Par E. Caro. Hachette: 1866.

which is infinite, and the variations which are incessant. Self-contradiction is the mark of this free mind which jealously maintains its freedom in the face of every philosophy, and is almost as much afraid of becoming the slave of its own conclusions as of those of another.

Shun metaphysics as he would, it was in vain that a mind like Goethe attempted to withdraw itself from the metaphysical and theological order of speculations. Even negation, in this class of problems, implies a certain manner of resolving them. In vain will Goethe assert that "we live wholly among derived phenomena, and have no road of access whatever to first causes." He does arrive there in spite of himself, and has his own form of solution. He is forced to admit that "one cannot discuss the problems presented by the natural sciences without calling metaphysics to one's aid. Not, however, the metaphysics of the schools, which is mere words, but that which existed before physics, exists along with it, and will continue to be long after it." In vain he declares that he was born without any organ for philosophy properly so called. He is inevitably drawn into discussions in the highest fields of speculation. The greater part of these utterances fell in conversation or in letters, and are not to be looked for in his elaborate productions. Of one such discussion, however, he has himself left us a memorable report. The time was 1792; the place the chateau of Pempelfort on the Rhine, which was then the residence of Jacobi. Goethe was on his return from the campaign in France. Three months of suffering and privation in the disastrous retreat of the Prussian army and the corps of emigrant nobles made the hospitalities and the society of this mansion doubly welcome to him. No news had crossed the Rhine for four weeks, and Goethe had much to tell. Yet the conversation soon found its way to Greek tragedy, to *Iphigenia* and the *Edipus Colonus*. The party tried to avoid philosophy, from a tacit feeling of the impossibility of a mutual understanding between Jacobi and the poet. What Goethe delivered himself of on that occasion, still less his own later report of his deliverances, must not be accepted as a profession of faith. Still it is valuable as a record of his mode of thinking, and must be taken, with some reserves, as a true transcript of his thought, though it must always remain uncertain how much belongs to 1792, when the conversation took place, and how much to 1822, when Goethe composed his report of it. The conversations reported by Eckermann and by Falk, the fragmentary memoranda swept together, without any order or indication of origin, into the last volume of his works, and headed *Zur Naturwissenschaft im allgemeinen*, have been chiefly used by M. Caro in attempting to put together something like a general delineation of the poet's ideas.

Goethe's conception of nature was undoubtedly pantheistic. But to say this is to say nothing without a further explanation. For he was certainly not a disciple of either of the pantheistic systems which occupied the schools in his time—the Spinozist, and the system of Identity. Goethe's pantheism arose out of his devotion to the study of natural objects. The universe he conceived as a living immensity. Wherever space extends, life penetrates. Life is everywhere, either in act or potentially. There are parts of matter in which life is suspended; it is not there now, but it was yesterday, and will be again to-morrow. This unlimited circulation of life, this eternity of force which fills the infinite of space, this exhaustless function of absolute existence is in scientific memoirs called Nature; this the philosopher calls God. The God of Goethe's pantheism is not a transcendental God. He is the life of the world, so intimately mingled with the universe that it is impossible to separate him from it by his substance; he can only be distinguished by his manifestations. How this eternal action operates we know not. We see only its effects. The reality of this action rests on a positive experience. Of what it is in its nature and essence we can form no image. All philosophies and theologies fail when they endeavour to translate the ineffable. So much seems to be deducible from the somewhat vague strains of the poem *Gott und Welt*. But, inconsistently with this, he says to Falk, who one day pressed him with questions on the subject, that one may represent God in the centre of the universe, of which he makes a part himself, as a dominant monad, animated by love, and employing the services of all the other monads in the universe. One conception appears constant. God is only there where there is movement, life, transformation. Beyond this, it is perhaps true to say that Goethe had no clear or fixed idea of the object. At one period of his life (1774) he had been powerfully affected by Spinoza. But it was a passing influence. He had emancipated his mind from Spinoza's dogmas, no less than from his method, before 1792. Nothing was more antipathetic to Goethe's strong attraction for nature and the real world than the theoretical abstractions of Spinoza, in which the reality of the external world and the uniformity of natural law disappear altogether. Nowhere in his writings, or in his reported conversations, will be found any adoption of, or allusion to, Spinoza's peculiar system—the distinction of substance from its modes, and the deduction of the world out of primitive substance, not organically, but geometrically. Modes of expression of a very general sort he may indeed have retained from his Spinozist period. And, true to his method of self-development, he assimilated all that was akin to his own nature—e.g. the moral tone of Spinoza's *Ethics*. The proud resignation, the grand austere stoicism, which is the tone of Spinoza's *Ethics*, found a natural home in Goethe's feeling. He has repeatedly insisted that Spinoza alone has given the true theory of manly self-denial, of disinterestedness, which is the great law of life. "My confidence in Spinoza rested on the

peaceful effect he produced on myself. His calm laid all storms in me." He has narrated in *Dichtung und Wahrheit* the deep impression produced upon him by Spinoza's dictum, "He who loves God perfectly ought not to demand that God should love him." "My soul was filled with the meditations excited by this text, its premisses and its consequences. To be disinterested in everything, above all in love and friendship, became my supreme desire, my motto, my rule of life. The words which follow (in Spinoza's text), 'If I love thee what matters it to thee?' became the veritable cry of my heart."

As regards the method of the investigation of truth, Goethe was fully penetrated with the necessity of rigid and exact observation. To keep as close as possible to reality, not to quit the world which experience reveals to us, and not to place outside the world, in spaces which no one has penetrated, the primordial causes of things, are his maxims. He is quite aware how small a part of all can ever be known to man, a prisoner on the surface of a single planet. Yet to know anything with precision, he is incessantly repeating, we should require to know all. With all this he has comparatively little regard for demonstration. Much of our knowledge comes to us in the way of intuition. Philosophical intuitions must fill the lacuna of science. The foundation of every physical theory is a primitive phenomenon, the divine simplicity of which it was useless to disturb by inquiry; it must be abandoned to the pure reason. So the origin of philosophy is in an order of sentiments which impose themselves on our belief immediately. Let us make ardent efforts to penetrate to knowledge in both directions, but without confounding them. We must not attempt to prove what is in its nature insusceptible of proof. Where Science is sufficient, Faith is useless; where Science fails, it must not dispute the rights of Faith.

M. Saint-René Taillandier has endeavoured to show that Goethe, after his contact with Schiller, i.e. after 1794, underwent a profound modification of his religious and philosophical views. The possibility of such an argument is at least another proof how difficult it is to give an exact account of Goethe's philosophy. M. Caro is disposed to see no greater change of view than the more solemn accent which age gives to all our language on such topics. Goethe's philosophical probabilism fluctuates with his moods. There are days of distress in every life. The triumphant poet, the applauded writer, the object of admiration to his country or his age, is not exempt from secret misgivings. Especially in the decline of life, as vigour decays, and the career which once seemed to open on a boundless vista is seen to be approaching its close, when he has no longer anything to expect from life, even the most firm will be occasionally visited by moments of despair—despair of the insufficiency of nature to fill the soul, and passionate yearnings for something beyond. Goethe, with all his stoic pride, was not exempt from such visitations. He had his days of spiritual destitution. In these intervals he seems to draw more largely on that secret treasure of primitive intuitions which he had so profusely squandered in the first intoxication of life. But, in his average moods, the well-known declaration to Eckermann is probably a fair representation of his religious feelings. "I am asked if it is in me to offer a respectful adoration to the Christ. I answer, certainly. I bow before him as before the revelation of the highest principles of morality. Were I asked if it is in my nature to pay homage to the sun, I answer, certainly. He also is a revelation of the supreme divinity. I revere in the sun the light and vivifying power of God by which we live and move and exist, and all the plants and animals with us."

The mode in which he carried his pantheistic conception into life was in sacrificing everything to the supreme law of self-development. Many severe attacks have been made upon Goethe for his haughty indifference, and the imperturbable egotism with which he sought to live in his intelligence. It will be impossible ever to vindicate him in the eyes of the majority of mankind for keeping aloof from the petty interests, disputes, and vexations of life. For to the majority of mankind these things constitute the whole of life. From their point of view they judge rightly. For Goethe, being what he was, it was simply impossible that he should do in this respect other than he did. If his system of life is to be called egotistical, it was not so in the ordinary and selfish sense. His lofty theory of the duty of man to his inward nature, and consequently his whole practical philosophy which depended on this theory, was not adapted for the use of mankind at large, but for that of an imperceptible minority of the race. He himself was well aware that his ideas would never be popular, any more than his works. The immortality which he proposed to his mind was an aristocratic immortality to which but a very few in any age could aspire:—"I do not doubt of our existence beyond the grave, for an entelechy cannot be extinguished. But we are not all immortal in the same way, and to be manifested as an entelechy in the future one must have shown oneself one here below." "No, it is the same spirit is his reverie on the death of Wieland:—"No, it cannot be that a soul like Wieland, who had conducted a life of eighty years with dignity and good fortune, who had fed unceasingly upon noble thoughts, a soul so richly gifted at its entrance on life and so much richer on leaving it, a soul which had raised itself to such heights of speculation and art—it cannot be that such a soul should suffer anything unworthy of it, anything which is not in harmony with the moral greatness which has been its characteristic through a long life. The powers which animate such souls can never disappear from nature."



## LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS.\*

IN all states of society there has been a more or less wide gulf between the man of the world's theory of the right conduct of life, and that of the schoolmaster, the moralist, and the professor. It would be paying the latter class a compliment which they by no means deserve to say that the principles of happiness have advanced in proportion as this gulf has been narrowed by the encroachments of the pedagogic spirit. The besetting sin of the moralist is contempt for flesh and blood, want of sympathy with all the elements of human nature; and it is really a question whether his excessive exactions have not done more injury by revolting people, especially young people, than his precepts have done good by directing and encouraging them. For an intemperate and unsympathetic moral professor does harm in both directions. Those of his hearers with whom he is most successful grow narrow, acrid, and hard. Those on whose minds he is able to exert least of the influence to which he aspires rush off, by force of inevitable reaction, into unrestrained libertinism of one kind or another. Thus two extreme varieties of evil principle and practice are bred up, and thrown into the world to spread themselves. There is a right instinct in the general popularity of the scapegrace, as well as in the questionable affection commonly felt for the good boy. Although, on the other hand, the man of the world at his best is free from this unsympathetic temper which is the too common mark of the moral professor, he has very obvious faults of his own, and one above all others. Just as the moralist's characteristic defect is want of broad sympathy, so the man of the world's characteristic defect is want of elevation. The first makes no allowance for human weaknesses, the other has no idea of human strength. The one is too ready to talk about falling, the other too slow to think of rising. The one thinks the world a great deal worse, and the other thinks it a great deal better, than it really is. But both the dogmatic moralist and the man of the world fall equally short of a just measure of the complex tidal forces which underly human actions and aspirations, and promote the ceaseless movement and growth of human character. Each is too contented with producing a smooth and presentable surface of character in anybody whom they have to train, though of course the degree of presentableness is estimated by very different standards.

Men of the world do not often take the trouble to write books about education. Literary composition is too irksome, and its success too doubtful. As it happens, however, the famous Letters of Lord Chesterfield to his son constitute to some extent a man of the world's manual of education and conduct. We say to some extent, because there is an altogether unreasonable insisting upon graces and airs and fine manners which does not represent the writer's notion of the space which these things should fill in education generally, but is due to the accident that this was the side on which young Stanhope was especially weak. The person to whom they were addressed was a boor. His address was awkward and uncouth, and he was too indifferent to the impression which he made on other people. His father therefore is never weary of expatiating on the importance of *les manières nobles, l'air noble, les grâces*. As Earl Stanhope says, "Had he found his son, on the contrary, a graceful but superficial trifler, his letters would no doubt have urged with equal zeal how vain are all accomplishments when not supported by sterling information." The writer himself, it may be remembered, declares that he would only covet the epithet of well-bred next to that of Aristides. And though Chesterfield was no Aristides, he was no fop either. He was one of the two or three really wise and just viceroys whom England has given to Ireland, and he has the distinction, along with Lord Maclesfield, of having rescued the English Calendar from the barbarous isolation and confusion of the Old Style. Chesterfield was not a man of the world in the sense in which Major Pendennis was a man of the world. That is to say, he was really a man of the world, and not a man about town—a very important distinction which the latter usually overlooks. The worldly success which he proclaimed as the prime end of existence was, so far as it went, success of the best kind. It was not that sort of success which culminates in the accumulation of a great fortune, or in getting a seat or a promotion in the House of Peers, or in forcing yourself into the most exclusive set in London society. It was something much better than all these, because it required a greater amount than they require of those qualities whose exercise and development conduce most to happiness. Chesterfield's scheme of life omitted many of these qualities, but he appealed to a much finer set of motives than if he had made wealth the end of life, or mere social distinction at dinner-parties and routs. "To make a figure" was his untechnical phrase for the aim which he recommended his son to place before himself. The distinction which was thus held up meant political power and popularity as much as it meant any one thing. And the difficulty of the conditions of attaining it is never blinked. Prodigious and untiring industry, minute attention under all circumstances, the most vigilant and universal conciliatoriness, a generous ambition—these are among the requirements of a large sort of worldly success, and Chesterfield never tires of enjoining them. That ferocious and famous epigram as to the two characters whose manners and morals respectively the Letters inculcate, has blinded people to the self-denial and diligence which would have to be practised by the Chesterfieldian disciple. Because he said that of the two he would rather have his son a fop than a sloven,

it has been argued, with odd logic, that Chesterfield valued fopperies more than solid qualities of character. Yet every other letter contains an injunction not to be a smatterer. "Go to originals whenever you can, and trust to copies and descriptions as little as possible." The little intervals of otherwise idle time are to be occupied by taking up "Bayle's, Moreri's, and other dictionaries," and the example is actually recommended of a gentleman who got through the whole of the Latin poets in moments which the most assiduous might fairly leave unoccupied, and which modern delicacy forbids us describe. "Whatever you do, do it to the purpose; do it thoroughly, not superficially; *approfondissez*; go to the bottom of things."

With the incurious temper that stares instead of examining, Chesterfield had no patience. He insists that his son shall never tire of asking questions about everything that he sees. If it is a court of justice, he is earnestly desired to acquaint himself with its jurisdiction; and if it is a college or an academy, with its rules, its members, and its endowments, and not merely with the dimensions of the respective edifices. If he sees a regiment, he must learn all about the number of its troops and companies and officers, who provide pay and clothing, the mode of recruiting, and so on. Writing to young Stanhope in Paris, he asks, "If you go to *les Invalides* do you content yourself with seeing the building, the hall where three or four hundred cripples dine, and the galleries where they lie? or do you inform yourself of the numbers, the conditions of their admission, their allowance, the value and nature of the fund by which the whole is supported? This latter I call seeing, the former is only staring." And, again, he says that "many people take the opportunity of *les vacances* to go and see the empty rooms where the several Chambers of the Parliament did sit, which rooms are exceedingly like all other large rooms; when you go there let it be when they are full; see and hear what is doing in them; learn their respective constitutions, jurisdictions, objects, and methods of proceeding; hear some causes tried in every one of the different Chambers." And then comes the often repeated, "*Approfondissez les choses*." Nothing stirs up Chesterfield's contempt more profoundly than the silly shallow generalizations which coxcombs, in his day as in our own, wished to pass off for wit and philosophy combined. He more than once warns his son against "the false wit and cold rallery" which these foolish pretenders indulge in about religion, marriage, and most other institutions held in common respect. If he had been giving advice to a man reading for a double first or a wranglership, he could not have spoken more practically or sensibly than when he warned him against haste and hurry. "A man of sense takes the time necessary for doing the thing he is about well, and his haste to despatch a business only appears by the continuity of his application to it; he pursues it with a cool steadiness, and finishes it before he begins any other." Of course, like much of what is best in Chesterfield, this is commonplace, but it is more so now than it was then, and at any time it is really good commonplace. It represents the man of the world on his best and most useful side.

Some of what he says on points of purely intellectual culture would scarcely be said by a man of equivalent mental size at the present day. When he recommends his son to study history, he is very careful to explain that he does not mean "the jimcrack natural history of fossils, minerals, plants, &c., but the useful political and constitutional history of Europe for these last three and a half centuries." The same disrespect as that in which he holds such jimcrack sciences as botany and geology he has also for music—or "piping and fiddling," as he habitually styles it—which he considers an illiberal pleasure. Sculpture and painting he recommends as connected with history and poetry; but piping and fiddling "are connected with nothing that I know of but bad company." "If you love music pay fiddlers to play to you; but I insist upon your neither piping nor fiddling yourself." At first this seems simply a mark of the eighteenth century, but one can scarcely say this on reflecting how very generally it is still thought effeminate for a man to play the piano. So extremely stupid a notion is, we fear, an English peculiarity, just as it is a peculiarity of schoolboys to believe that poetry is a thing only fit for girls. Chesterfield on poetry is still more unlike what the same sort of man would say in the present century than Chesterfield on music. Some of his criticism on Homer is very funny indeed. He expresses his aversion to the "porter-like language" of the heroes, and he declares that "Homer's hero, Achilles, was both a brute and a scoundrel, and consequently an improper character for the hero of an epic poem; he had so little regard for his country, that he would not act in defence of it, because he had quarrelled with Agamemnon about a w—; and then afterwards, animated by private resentment only, he went about killing people basely, I will call it, because he knew himself invulnerable; and yet, invulnerable as he was, he wore the strongest armour in the world; which I humbly apprehend to be a blunder, for a horse-shoe clapped to his vulnerable heel would have been sufficient." This delicate appreciation and fine poetic sense was natural in a man who could not for the life of him make out why poets and orators should not be as great under a despotism as in a free State. Still the creatures who think themselves Chesterfields because they despise books and ideas, and behave impudently and conceitedly in society, are a long way from the mark. There is an admirable lesson both for full blockheads and for empty blockheads in the Letters. Their fundamental doctrine is that "a man who cannot join business and pleasure is either a formal coxcomb in the one or a

\* Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Son, on Education. 1774.

sensual beast in the other," and, considering the tendency of character of any sort to run to extremes, this is a lesson which can hardly be too often repeated and impressed. It is the stress which he lays on the importance of steering a just middle course between pedantry and foppery which makes Chesterfield's Letters so right, where volumes of precepts for the manufacture of prigs, like *Todd's Student's Manual* for example, are so exceedingly wrong and unwise.

It would be superfluous to dwell at length on the immorality of the Letters, both because this is the aspect on which everybody has fastened too exclusively, and because the surface immorality of the book is not its worst trait. There is a certain grossness which shocks the more fastidious delicacy of this age, in the way in which the father, with something of a snigger, almost enjoins upon his son the practice of a gentlemanly gallantry with any of the ladies of his acquaintance, as well as in the perseverance with which he points out that coarser forms of vice are objectionable on grounds quite distinct from the fact that they are coarse or vicious or anti-social or degrading. Many profoundly enlightened observers of modern life, however, are strongly of opinion that a father does more injury by a careless reticence with his son than Chesterfield could do by his too frank recognition of the perils which beset youth in this direction. Few fathers could endure, as Chesterfield did, to banter a lad of nineteen about his eternal passion which might last three months, but it may be admitted that the reserve and stiffness which prevents so many fathers from making their sons their friends is the source of much mischief which might be avoided by the opposite course. In other parts of the book, there is no sort of excuse to be made for Chesterfield, and the only wonder is that his shrewdness and common sense did not supply the place of high integrity. When, for example, to take a well-known instance, he encloses to his boy a letter with directions that the boy is to copy it and forward the copy as his own composition, so that the person to whom it was addressed might admire his elegance and style, the curious thing is that Chesterfield should not have felt that deceitfulness of this sort was sure to recoil upon himself. He reaped the fruit of the seed which he had thus sown, twenty-one years after this vile trick, when he found out, on his son's death, that he had for some years been concealing with much art and industry the fact that he was married and had two children. On mere Chesterfieldian principles, he ought to have seen that to teach a boy deceitful and disingenuous arts is worse than a crime; it is a blunder. Not a few precepts of this kind in the art of petty deception are of a kind which many persons, who would not be at all too virtuous to wish their sons to practise them, would still be too virtuous deliberately to write down and enjoin. There is, for example, "the innocent piece of art—that of flattering people behind their backs in the presence of those who, to make their own court, much more than for your sake, will not fail to repeat and even amplify the praise to the party concerned." There is some truth, again, in the proposition that "a steady assurance with seeming modesty is possibly the most useful qualification that a man can have in every part of his life"; but we feel it to be a truth not wholesome for a lad, or for anybody else with an unformed character. This is the case with many of the apophthegms for which Chesterfield has been most blamed. They are true, and they are worth saying, but they are out of their right place in letters on education. Rochefoucauld's Maxims are an excellent account of the conduct of selfish people, and of all people so far as they are selfish. Still, no boy would be the better, but the worse, for reading them, on the same grounds on which Socrates, in the *Republic*, is made to object to the use of the poets in education. And Chesterfield is bad reading for immature minds for the same reasons. There is a superficial shrewdness, for instance, in saying that "women who are either indisputably beautiful or indisputably ugly are best flattered upon the score of their understandings, but those who are in a state of mediocrity are best flattered on their beauty, or at least their graces; for every woman who is not absolutely ugly thinks herself handsome, but, not hearing often that she is so, is the more grateful and the more obliged to the few who tell her so; whereas a decided and conscious beauty looks upon every tribute paid to her beauty only as her due, but wants to shine and to be considered on the side of her understanding; and a woman who is ugly enough to know that she is so, knows that she has nothing left for it but her understanding, which is consequently (and probably in more senses than one) her weak side." Though flippant enough, this is not unentertaining to a man or woman who has seen life, but it was addressed to a boy sixteen years old. "Take out the immorality," said Johnson of Chesterfield's Letters, "and the book should be put into the hands of every young gentleman." But after you have taken out all that Johnson meant by immorality, what remains turns too exclusively on the littleness and meanness of the world to be salutary for a "young" gentleman. It was Johnson's own robust grasp of the better part of human nature which made him such a shining moral light in Chesterfield's very dingy age; and it was his sympathy, implied in the saying we have quoted, with the actual and existing society which Chesterfield had in view, that redeemed him from the dull oppressive pedantry of most moralists. He could relish his "frisk" with Beauclerk and Langton, and yet see that virtue is a much higher thing than vice can be, much more likely to bring happiness, and far more conformable therefore to reason and the law of right living. Chesterfield had no respect whatever for virtue, either in the modern sense or in the sense of a man like Johnson, and this is fatal to the worth of his Letters for the purpose for which they

were written. Unless a young gentleman is much more firmly set in virtuous principle than young gentlemen usually are, the Letters are not likely to do him any good.

Chesterfield's fundamental fault is that of the man of the world in most times. He missed seeing that the important thing about a man, and the one aim of those who instruct him wisely in his youth, is his character. In other words, he thought more of seeming than of being, of reputation than of reality, of outside success than of internal elevation and calm. The Aristotelian virtue of high-mindedness had no place in his list of desirable qualities. No doubt he would not have thought any the worse of a man for acting invariably from eminently lofty and upright motives, and in this respect even he was better than the man of the world of the inferior stamp. But he never could have regarded the consciousness of integrity and purity and high-mindedness as anything like an end in itself. Take the love of justice, for instance—an idea which it is perhaps the chief merit of the eighteenth century to have developed in greater perfection than had been possible at any other epoch, at least of modern times. Chesterfield would have sought the reputation of being just; he would have tried to do justice, because this is a virtue which promotes happiness, in a population, say, like that of Ireland, where one race and sect, both before and since Chesterfield's time, has oppressed a hostile race and sect; but probably he never thought of justice at all in its ennobling effect on the character of the just man. Like much greater and more famous philosophers than himself, he would have made the *standard* of justice its single  *motive*. He could scarcely have realized to himself the notion of a man acting justly, without a deliberate and foreseeing eye to the effects of his just actions on the world outside. That one should pursue justice, as he pursues bodily health, simply and solely with a view to his own comfort and well-being, is an idea for which there would have been very little room in Chesterfield's mind. Here the professed and dogmatic moralist has the better of him, for he does generally profess the doctrine that virtue is its own reward. Only you never can get the moralist to believe that virtue is subtle and many-shaped, and resides in a thousand unsuspected spots; and that there are proportionate and fitting rewards for each and all of its forms.

#### CASSELL'S GUIDE TO NORMANDY.\*

HERE is a new candidate for the office of showing the British tourist his way among the cities and the scenery of the Continent. The formula, "Cassell's Topographical Guides," implies a series; as we have not seen any others with the same heading, we suppose that Normandy is honoured with the first place. If this arrangement assumes the position that Normandy is the part of Europe, or the part of France, which an Englishman ought to visit first, we altogether dispute that doctrine. Normandy is no doubt more like England, and, in some ways, it is more closely connected with England than any other Romance-speaking portion of the continent. For that very reason it should not be seen first. Let a man rather go off straight into Aquitaine, a country which is historically as closely connected with England in one way as Normandy is in another, but which is in everything else as unlike England as any country can be; then let him visit Normandy as he comes back. Then he will really understand Normandy. If he sees Normandy first, he will naturally be most struck by its unlikeness to England; if he sees it after Aquitaine, he will be most struck by its likeness. If he goes into the right part of Normandy, he will feel altogether at home. We also protest against the doctrine of our present guide that the main object of a journey to Normandy is to see Rouen. "Wherever the tourist lands, whether at Dieppe, Havre, or Cherbourg, he should remember that his ultimate and central point is Rouen, the capital; and all his movements should be made subsidiary to the reaching of that grand old city." Now Rouen is a place most worthy to be seen, as it is a place which the traveller can hardly avoid seeing; it is one of the noblest cities to be found anywhere; but it is not Normandy; it is hardly Norman. It has very little that is distinctively Norman about it, and we suspect that it never had much. It can hardly have been a really Norman city at any time. Even in the tenth century Rouen talked French, while Bayeux talked Danish. Its architecture exhibits hardly anything that is purely Norman; its churches have central towers, but otherwise they are quite French. There are few nobler buildings in the world, but to learn how the genuine Normans built in the days of their independence you must go elsewhere. Of Normandy, as Normandy, the real capital is Caen, where the Norman spirit still lives, and where the antiquities of Normandy are still worthily studied, under the shadow of the twin minsters of the Conqueror and his Queen. In the whole Bessin district the Englishman finds himself really at home. The people certainly have left off speaking Danish and worshipping Thor, but they look as if it would be quite natural for them to do both. A man's eyes will be much more opened, not only in the quantity of what he sees but in his power of understanding it, if he goes right away to Bayonne, and on his way back goes to Bayeux, than if he makes Normandy his first point on the Continent and looks on Rouen as "the ultimate and central point" of Normandy.

Our present guide is not alphabetical, neither does he follow Mr. Murray's plan of chalking out routes, which may happen to be

\* *Cassell's Topographical Guides. Normandy: its History, Antiquities, and Topography.* London: Cassell, Petter, & Galpin



those followed by the traveller, but which, in these days of railways, are not likely to be so. Mr. Cassell's author is severely topographical; he arranges everything by those modern local divisions which have destroyed all history and geography, and which one always does one's best to forget. Unless we are likely to have any dealings with the Prefect, we should wish never to be reminded of the existence of "Seine-Inférieure." On the whole, as we have often said before, we are convinced that the alphabetical arrangement is the best. It is the one which has the least to be said against it, and that is no small matter. The arrangement by routes is the best, if you happen to go by the same route as the one in the book; but if you happen to go by any other, it becomes the worst. A purely artificial division, like the Departments, is simply perplexing. A good map, clearly showing all the places, with their roads and railways, and accompanied by a description of each place in alphabetical order, is perhaps less taking at first sight than either of the others, but it is open to less objection. One would despise it if one happened to be going by the same route as Mr. Murray; but one would be thankful for it if one happened to be going by another.

The author of the Guide before us has evidently taken great pains to get up his history and antiquities, and he has so far succeeded that he does not fall into many gross blunders. But he writes without much intelligence; there is no real life in his accounts; you can see at once that everything has been got up for the occasion. Here is the great difficulty of guide-book making. The shorter and simpler the account of any event is the better, consistently with its being full and accurate. But to produce a book which unites all these qualities requires really great ability, and it is only now and then that men of really great ability have condescended to write guide-books. Two or three in Mr. Murray's series have been written by men of real power, and the difference is at once perceptible. The book before us is as fairly done as task-work is likely to be done; but it is task-work, and there is just the difference. In the architectural department the writer is clearly behind the age. Mr. Dawson Turner's book was most valuable and creditable when it was written; it first opened Norman antiquities to Englishmen, and it displayed an amount of knowledge most unusual in that generation; but we really do not want long quotations from Mr. Dawson Turner now. Medieval buildings are much better understood now than they were then, and none have been more minutely studied than those of Normandy. But our guide belongs altogether to a past age. Put him down in St. Stephen's at Caen. He compares it, obviously enough, but rather unscientifically, with the other great examples of Norman architecture—its sister abbey at Caen, and those of Jumièges and St. George de Bocherville. Then he goes on:—

The whole church of St. Stephen's is 371 feet long and 98 feet high; and the nave, as Mr. Cohen has remarked, seems imitated, in the elevation of its piers and triforium, from the Coliseum at Rome. This may be rather fanciful: still the whole may be looked on as simply constructed in conformity with the rules of the Benedictine order, carried out by the school of Norman architects, the same as in the other churches mentioned above.

Let us remark, in passing, as showing how our guide lags behind the world, that by "Mr. Cohen" is meant a person who has since been better known to the world as Sir Francis Palgrave. Now we do not know that St. Stephen's is more like the Flavian Amphitheatre than any Romanesque minster must be; but the remark of Sir Francis Palgrave, evidently made at a very early stage of his studies, is just the sort of remark which would be made by a clever man who as yet did not know much about the matter. It was hardly worth while to drag it up now to pronounce it to be "rather fanciful." And what follows, solemnly introduced by "still," is beyond us. What have the "rules of the Benedictine order" to do with the matter? The rules of the Benedictines prescribe the general disposition of the monastic buildings, not any general rules as to architecture strictly so called. They rule, for instance, that the refectory shall be parallel to the nave of the church; they do not rule anything—witness Norwich and Tewkesbury—as to the proportions to be observed between the pier-arch and the triforium. Presently we go on:—

This fine church is one of the most complete examples of pure Norman remaining in the district, the choir being of the original style throughout; and possessing, as it does, a double range of round-headed windows one above the other in the circular apse, has a peculiarly rich effect. The shafts bear a good deal of early sculpture. Some architects consider that only the core of the walls is of the date of the foundation, and that the other portions as now seen are not older than the end of the eleventh and middle of the twelfth century. The whole of the west front is particularly grand, and deserving of careful study.

Now not only the more minute, and not wholly undisputed, researches of Mr. Parker, but the most obvious differences which anybody may see with his own eyes, are thrown away upon our present guide. "The choir being of the original style throughout!" The choir is just the part which is not in the original style, being a very fine example of Early Gothic; the windows in the apse are all pointed, except one range which are certainly "roundheaded" in the sense of being round altogether. "The shafts bear a good deal of early sculpture." This is quite unintelligible. Then the writer has clearly no notion what the controversy as to the date of the building really is. Setting aside the Early Gothic choir, nobody doubts that there are two dates of Norman work in the nave and west front; the question is whether there are three. There is work of William the Conqueror; there is also work late in the twelfth century, namely the present clerestory, the vault, the upper part of the towers. This is beyond controversy; the point

in dispute is whether the building was at all remodelled at an intermediate time. The question is a difficult one; a well-informed and most cautious Norman antiquary, going over the building in common with an English fellow-student who did not admit Mr. Parker's view, did not venture to do more than to point out various bits of evidence, with the comment, "Cela est pour vous; cela est pour M. Parker." To which side the balance of evidence inclined, he would not commit himself to determine. At Jumièges there is absolutely no account of the buildings, strictly speaking, whatever; the peculiarities of Cerisy are all slurred over; the account of Bernay is equally lifeless; such little gems as Yainville and Duclair and even the much larger church of Gravelle near Havre are not mentioned at all. Duclair is "an interesting station to the antiquary, being nearly midway between two of the most important remains of ancient ecclesiastical architecture in Normandy." It is seemingly of no interest because of its own Norman nave and lantern, which are as good in their own way as the great minsters are in theirs. Among later buildings, we find no mention at all, beyond the names, of the wonderful group of churches round Caen—Norrey for instance, and Ardennes. Norrey is more than "worth visiting"; it is worth visiting if you went there and came back without seeing anything else. Here is a small parish church whose choir reproduces in miniature all the arrangements of the greatest minster. A crowd of remarkable objects in that most interesting district, which for abundance of fine churches rivals our own Holland and Marshland, have not even their names inserted.

Still our writer has evidently taken pains; only he was set to write on a subject which he did not understand. He is very far from being at the lowest depth of guide-book making. When we want to be particularly amused, we turn to the enlarged *Bradshaw*, which, by the way, has at least the merit of being alphabetical. It is really a study of human nature to try to find out what kind of people can write it and for what kind of people it can be designed. Of course absolute stupidity, absolute carelessness as to everything about you, is quite intelligible; English travellers have passed through both Pisa and Basel, only stopping to change horses. But when one is told that Auch Cathedral, quite a late building, was built in the time of Clovis, one gets puzzled. Statements like this imply that the people who are to read them do care about things. It is no good telling a man that a church was built in the time of Clovis, unless he likes to know the dates of the churches he sees, and unless he has some sort of notion when Clovis lived. How is it that people who have got so far as this have got no further? There comes our difficulty. Of course Mr. Cassell's writer has got a great deal further than this; he has really tried in a praiseworthy way to get up both the architectural and the general history. But unluckily neither the architectural nor the general history of a particular province can be got up to order. They can be understood only by people who know something of the corresponding branches of the history of the world in general. And men who are capable of dealing with these subjects may very likely be quite incapable of dealing with others which in a guide-book are equally necessary. The truth is, that no one man can write a guide-book; to be good for anything, it must be the work of several men, and all of them must be very clever fellows in their several ways.

#### THE SOUTH AFTER THE WAR.\*

THIS volume is in many respects remarkable for a much more fair and temperate tone than we have found in any other expression of Northern feeling and opinion concerning the South. But it is still marked by much of the same unworthy spirit that characterizes the whole of the writer's party—the same utter want of generosity to a fallen foe, and of appreciation or respect for the heroic qualities displayed by the Confederates in their struggle for independence. The writer speaks and thinks of them as criminals who ought to feel ashamed of their career and grateful for the clemency of the conquerors, and who have no rights but by permission of their masters. Of course they are never named but as "rebels"; rebels, while fighting for the only Governments to which they had ever pretended to deem their allegiance due; rebels still, when returning in defeat and sorrow to accept the laws of the victor, and do their best to repair, with his permission, the shattered fabric of their fortunes. He manifests unaffected surprise that they should venture to expect anything but confiscation and military government; and is indignant on finding that, having been told all along that the North was fighting to keep them in the Union, they suppose that restoration to the Union, with its obligations and its privileges, is to be the ultimate consequence of their defeat. He is jubilant over the occupation by freedmen of plantations once belonging to the foremost gentlemen of the South; over the presence of negro soldiers parading the streets, and Northern generals inhabiting the houses from which their owners had been forced to retire with the retreating troops of the Confederacy. And he relates with pleasure the insult offered by the freed negroes to Mr. Davis after his capture, and permitted by Federal officers, who allowed the ignorant creatures to assemble in crowds near the vessel on board of which the illustrious prisoner was confined, to sing one of the favourite Abolitionist ditties, "We'll hang Jeff Davis on a

\* *After the War: a Southern Tour.* May 1, 1865, to May 1, 1866. By Whitelaw Reid. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Co. 1866.

sour-apple tree." It is not at all surprising that slaves, excited by their recent emancipation and wholly influenced by Abolitionist teachers, should proffer such an insult; but it is a sign of a temper not creditable to a civilized nation that a gentleman should tell the story in a tone of satisfaction and approval.

Bearing in mind the writer's spirit, which breaks out on every page, and his character as a strong Radical and a companion and admirer of Chief-Justice Chase, in whose suite he made the first part of his Southern tour, we may gather from the volume a good deal of information as to the condition of the South immediately after the war. It was very soon after the trial of the accomplices of Booth, by which time it had been ascertained that the conspiracy had no political ramifications, and that the strength and security of the Government were in no way impaired by the death of Mr. Lincoln, that the Chief Justice set out on his political tour in the conquered States. That the highest judicial officer in the land, at a time when several great political trials might be expected to occur, and he might be called upon to pronounce a legal judgment upon grave political questions, should set out on such an expedition, and should deliver public speeches on one of the fiercest controversies of the day, would seem to Englishmen a strange and scandalous violation of decency; but it was not, perhaps, more questionable than the appointment of a violent partisan to an office of such a character. Mr. Reid took advantage of the occasion, and obtained a pass to accompany Mr. Chase on board a Government vessel. On this occasion he visited the various ports on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts, from Norfolk to New Orleans; and in the autumn of 1865 he made a tour by himself in the interior. Going as a political observer, with the express purpose of writing upon the condition of the South, he took care to see all that was to be seen in justification of the policy of his party; but on the whole he is candid and truthful, and the result of his observations is that his book furnishes, perhaps unconsciously, the strongest evidence of the unsoundness and imprudence of the course which the Radicals have subsequently adopted, and affords a complete vindication of the wisdom of the President's plan of reconstruction.

Especially in regard to the temper of the South, Mr. Reid's testimony is distinct, candid, and we believe faithful. The defeat had been total and overwhelming. The Confederates, as they themselves declared, had done all they could, and were hopelessly and irretrievably beaten. Nothing would have induced them to submit but the conviction that further resistance was impossible; having submitted, that conviction made it certain that nothing would induce them again to take up arms. On this point all with whom Mr. Reid conversed, whatever their original views or conduct, were unanimous. They were almost equally agreed that they did not, and perhaps never would, love the Union; but, having accepted it, they desired as soon as possible to recover their privileges, restore civil government, re-establish order, and reorganize society, so that they might set to work, in peace and safety, to repair the remnants of their fortunes, cultivate their estates, reopen their trade, and, in fact, maintain themselves and their families. The total wreck of Southern property made it imperatively necessary that they should get to work as soon as possible. For the rest, there were no Unionists—save a few scattered individuals—during the war; and there were no Secessionists now. All believed in the right of secession, and those who had disapproved of the policy fought for it, when once adopted, as fiercely as their fellow-citizens. They had not ceased to believe in the right, but they had learnt the impossibility of asserting it. The returning Confederate soldiers were always and everywhere welcomed—though, under the eye of Federal officers, without demonstration—as brave and true men, who had served their country nobly, and of whom their countrymen were proud. The Federal troops met with no insults, but were looked upon coldly, especially by the women. Only the presence of the black soldiery was felt as an insult and a humiliation. The only bitter language used, the only threats uttered, referred to the traitors who had served against their State, or had played her false when the tide turned. For these men their neighbours had no forgiveness; "they had no use for sich"; and it was plain that they would not be able to return home except under the protection of the Federal forces. The Confederate soldiers, as Mr. Reid admits, "behaved splendidly." Obligated to wear their uniforms, because they had no other clothing, they were sometimes subjected to brutal insult at the hands of the Federals; but they endured all with manly patience, and treated their triumphant enemies with dignified courtesy, careful not to bring further punishment upon their defenceless countrymen by giving any occasion or excuse for violence.

Of their leaders, civil and military, the Southerners invariably spoke with affection and respect. General Lee was mentioned in terms of reverent admiration. Mr. Reid expected to hear the ex-President made the subject of bitter execrations by the people he had "misled." But they were too just and too generous. Some of them had censured Mr. Davis's conduct of the war; but none held him responsible for their calamities, and all spoke of him with interest and sympathy. They felt the threats directed against him as a national insult. "Are you going to hang Jeff Davis?" said an Alabamian, with a fierce execration. "You might as well hang all the honourable men in the South, for he was only their trusty agent." And such was the general feeling of all with whom the author spoke on the subject. Mr. Davis was not, for them, the instigator of an unsuccessful struggle, but the chief whom they had chosen to

carry it on. The "rebellion" was of their own making, not his; he had only obeyed their will, and served their cause, in the position in which they had placed him. To hold him individually answerable, as the ringleader of a deceived and ignorant multitude, would be a wrong to him, an insult to them. His execution would be to them a crowning and cruel humiliation, for he would suffer only as the greatest and most distinguished among them. If hanged, it would be as the representative of his country; the South, as it were, would be hanged by proxy in his person. The leaders in the Confederate war were still those to whom their countrymen looked for advice and guidance, and they must inevitably, in the event of a restoration of liberty and civil government, come when it might, resume their places in the politics of their States, more trusted and beloved than ever. Returned and especially maimed soldiers were preferred to every place which remained in the gift of the local authorities. The tone of public feeling, language, and action was strictly consistent. They were beaten; they had not yielded till all hope of prolonging or reviving the struggle was gone, and they accepted the situation, and were willing to make the best of it; but they affected neither shame nor regret for the past, and therefore saw no reason for deserting those whom they had hitherto followed and trusted. Their leaders, on their part, as frankly accepted the situation, and the duties which devolved upon them; and since this book was published many leading Secessionists have appeared as delegates from their States at the Philadelphia Convention, to assist in restoring the fortunes of the South within the Union, as they have failed to take her out of it.

Of the condition of the country—the extent to which its resources have suffered by the war, and the means of subsistence remaining—it is not easy to gather much from Mr. Reid. He admits the frightful havoc made in some districts by the marauding of the invaders, and particularly the devastation of Northern Virginia. The towns appeared half deserted; plantations were lying waste; what crops were to be found were chiefly of food. Generally, however, the South contained enough to feed her people. But everything of wealth, luxury, and even comfort that she had possessed before the war was gone. The best families had not a horse, a carriage of any sort, seldom plate, never any but the oldest clothes. Their fortunes were generally annihilated. Jewish and foreign speculators had grown rich by blockade-running, and by forestalling operations; but the native gentry of the South, dependent on their plantations, with no sale for their crops, difficulty in raising any, and their energies absorbed by the war, were almost all ruined. A few had ventured to return to their estates, had persuaded their negroes to resume work at high wages, and were striving to repair their fortunes; but most were irretrievably beggared. Mr. Reid, however, observes with great admiration the magnificent development of mining and manufacturing resources under the pressure of the blockade. Previously to 1860 the South had confined herself to the production of her staple crops, and had purchased abroad all she needed, except food; but the necessities of the war and the inventive genius of the people had created vast establishments, chiefly for Government purposes, which might rival anything to be found in the North. The worst blow to the South, however, has been the destruction of so much of her labouring power. Her negro population has probably undergone a diminution of one-tenth under the tender patronage of the Federal army, and the remainder has yet to be brought into order and induced to offer available and reliable free labour. Of the white male population an unprecedented number have fallen, or been disabled for life, in the four years of war. Mr. Reid estimates the losses of Virginia and North Carolina at 105,000 and 80,000 respectively. If these figures be correct, the killed and maimed for life in those States amount to about one-tenth of the whole white inhabitants, or one-fifth of the males; or nearly one-half of those capable of bearing arms. The other States, South Carolina perhaps excepted, suffered less severely. But if we reckon their proportion of loss at one-half of that of the two States first named, the number of lives lost or rendered useless in a population which, on an outside estimate of the recruiting ground of the Confederacy, cannot have been quite seven millions, must have reached 450,000; or nearly one-third of those capable of bearing arms. This may be an exaggerated estimate; the exact facts are probably, for the present, unascertainable; but the notices of the absence of able-bodied men which occur repeatedly in this and in other records of Southern travel, during and since the war, attest a waste of the best lives of the nation large enough to tell terribly on its industrial as well as its political strength for years to come. But for these two losses—the disorganization of negro labour and the destruction of so large a portion of the white manhood of the country—the material ravages of war might have been speedily repaired.

It seems perfectly clear, from Mr. Reid's account, that the Union could have had nothing to fear from the frank restoration of the Southern States to their rights of Federal representation and domestic self-government. There was no sort of disposition in any quarter to try the issue of secession over again; no *arrière pensée* of preparation for future mischief. All were, so far as regarded the future, loyal men; and it would have been perfectly safe to forgive the past. But the idea of a partial restoration of rights to be exercised by a "loyal" minority—the idea most favoured by the Radical party, and by some of their English sympathizers—is the very height of injustice and impolicy. Even Mr. Reid sees this:—



Such a reorganization would have meant merely that, instead of an honest government representing the great majority of rebels, a handful of aggrieved and vindictive refugees should be held up by aid from without to sway power in the forms of republicanism over a people who, but for the bayonet, would submerge them in a week.

Far better than this is even the continuance of military despotism under officers so frequently tainted by corruption, so grasping and unscrupulous, as those employed in the provisional administration of the conquered States appear to have been.

Here, as elsewhere, "the irrepressible negro" constitutes the real difficulty, on the solution of which Northern Radicals and Southerners—Unionists or Confederates—are at irreconcilable variance. The former insist that the freed negro shall be left to himself, with all the civil liberties of the white man, and with no other compulsion to work save that of wages. The latter affirm that this would ruin both the negro and the country; that the black man will not work for wages, without some sort of compulsion; that he will simply squat and steal, and sink rapidly back into barbarism, after the pattern of his fellow-freedmen in Jamaica. Mr. Reid's sketches show that the negroes have done well where settled on land of their own, under military supervision; and in some cases have worked well for their late owners, or for strangers, on Louisiana plantations—when Louisiana was under martial law. But that they are fit for self-guidance he fails to show, and indeed hardly seems to believe; that they are incurable thieves he frankly allows. It would appear probable, on the whole, that the Southerners best understand the negro character, especially as their view is that of nearly all who have had practical acquaintance with the race, whether in the West Indies or in Africa; and that—security being taken against anything like a re-establishment of slavery, e.g. against personal coercion by the master, and contracts of service prolonged beyond the year—the State Legislatures might safely be left to regulate the industry in the efficiency of which they have the strongest interest. The Radicals may be more friendly to the negro, but the Southerners are nearer; and if the former should succeed in establishing ill-will between the two races, no political or civil privileges conferred upon the inferior will save it from being finally crushed. On the whole, then, the result of a careful study of Mr. Reid's work, written from the Radical stand-point, is to confirm our previous belief in the wisdom of the policy of President Johnson, as best calculated to promote the safe and satisfactory reconstruction, not only of the Union, but of Southern society; and as more consistent with the ultimate interests of the negro race than the schemes by which their professed champions would raise them to an unnatural equality, and thereby force them into an unequal antagonism, with those whose goodwill and kindness they may easily recover, but whose hostility they cannot possibly sustain.

#### WHICH SHALL IT BE?

NO one can read this book without being struck by the more than ordinary ability that it displays. Assuming to be a first work, at least by the negative proof of the title-page, it is yet written with a fluency, an ease, a knowledge of literary manipulation, and a ripeness of worldly wisdom that would seem to indicate the practised hand of a mature writer rather than the uncertain, if sometimes also vigorous, work of a beginner. There are many observations scattered about, too, which show that the author has had unusually rich opportunities for studying life in various phases. There is a knowledge of the bitter ways and clever makeshifts of poverty, as well as of the parade and hollow friendships springing up like mushrooms in a night round unexpected wealth, which reads as if taken from personal experience; while many of the characters are careful life-studies, not surpassed by the life-studies of even renowned and recognised novelists. Evidently the work of a woman, it is as evidently not the work of a very young nor of an unmarried woman; for though it has a dash and good humour about it the furthest possible removed from the staidness and sourness of age, it has also a calm fearlessness of thought just as far removed from maiden timidity or the iconoclastic fervour of youth. It deals with difficult questions with the quiet boldness of a Voltairian of the nineteenth century—a boldness equally remote from the fire of the red-hot reformer eager to maintain his one small truth though he hews down churches and destroys human homes in his progress, and from the humble acceptance of the conformist afraid to see the evil lying under the polished surface of society. It is a strangely fearless book, indeed, but as pure as it is fearless, although the main point of interest turns on the deliberations of the heroine as to whether she shall accept the brilliant offer of love and protection made her, and become the mistress of the man she loves and cannot marry because he is a prospective peer and she is only a penniless governess, or whether she shall keep honest, poor, unloved, and lonely. This is the central situation; and we are bound to say that it is managed with a skill and delicacy which redeem it from all approach to coarseness, and purify it from the remotest taint of impropriety. It is all thoroughly natural too—exactly what might have been under the circumstances. There is nothing strained, and yet nothing sensual in it; it is just a leaf out of the page of actual human history, and, though an ugly page, yet it is not made uglier by treatment. Madeline, the heroine, does not go into hysterics of wounded virtue when the proposal is made, but neither has she any base impulse. She loves Dudley Ashurst with all her heart and soul, and she hates her lonely life of

dependence and poverty. She thinks how pleasant it would be to be loved and cared for, the present made beautiful, and the future secured; she has no parents to wound, no family to disgrace; she has but very faint religious principles, and she does not believe that she would be offending God by being Dudley Ashurst's unmarried wife; she is a Bohemian by early education, and the education of her later years would have made her hard and worldly, had she not been protected by her loving heart and generous nature. What then has she to keep her straight? All the wily arguments of an unscrupulous man in love are employed to win her—all seductive images of home and happiness and protection; she deliberates, hesitates, balances; then that something which is a woman's best safeguard, that instinct against self-degradation which can never be wholly reasoned away and which has stood many a woman in stead of direct religious principle, that nameless pride of the maiden rises up in her, and she is saved. She puts away her brilliant picture; and, fully conscious of the dreary lot she chooses, makes her selection of poverty and self-respect, of isolation and a woman's fair fame, rather than of love, sufficiency, and disgrace. The whole situation is admirably well managed, and treated with rare delicacy and refinement.

The character of Madeline throughout is of great psychological power, and the way in which, warped by various kinds of untoward teaching, she trembles on the confines of terrible faults, but is saved by a goodness of nature which not even untoward teaching can wholly spoil, shows a power of discrimination not usual in novels. A shade more, and her tact would have become duplicity, her affectionate plasticity would have been artfulness and flattery, her common sense in making the best of things and choosing the best when she had a choice allowed, would have been selfishness and worldly calculation; but she is saved from all this by her inherent love of truth, by her sweetness of temper, by her generous affection. Her soul has a certain wholesome quality about it which neutralizes all the poisonous influences which else would have destroyed it; and when good fortune comes to her at the end, it finds her worthy to receive, and fitted to enjoy it. Perhaps this subtle vein of purity, running through much that is careless and more that is bold, is due to the Irish blood in her—that bright, unreflecting, insouciant blood, which makes a whole nation Bohemian and yet pure, careless, in earnest, lawless, and devout. The Irish element in the book is capably rendered, without exaggeration, and with consummate sympathy and knowledge; and the same may be said of the French. The character of Madame de Fontarce is a masterly sketch. We seem to see and hear the old lady, kind of heart, busy of brain, worldly, refined, intrigante, polished—doing her best, according to her lights, for the little kinswoman who had committed herself to her charge, but at the same time doing the best for herself, her sense of duty never leading her to self-sacrifice, and her kindly impulses always stopping short of money value. Yet so fascinating is she with her *vieille cour air*, her gracious manner, and her faultless toilette, and so wonderfully does she beautify her selfishness by her exquisite good-breeding, that we do not wonder at Madeline's indulgent love of her even after she has fathomed her true nature, or at her adopting from her something of her supple tact, if less than her supple conscience. She was a dangerous instructress, if an admirable chaperone, and the best service she could at last render to Madeline was to die as she did. Madame de Fontarce is very cleverly contrasted or doubled with old Mrs. Redman, Madeline's grandmother, whose vulgar meanness and selfishness are as repulsive in their nakedness as the elegantly-veiled vices of the French lady are attractive. Yet Mrs. Redman was truthful and honest, which Madame de Fontarce was not; and though the one was as hungry after the prizes of the "God Bon Marché" as the other, yet the one knew how to veil her appetite with grace, and the other let her's proclaim itself before the eyes of all men. The reader must choose between these two ancient patronesses of Madeline; and according to his own caste of mind will prefer the insolent tyranny, the angry greed, with the truth and uprightness of "the respectable Redman," or the kindly humbug, the thoroughly well-bred self-seeking, the untruthful make-believes for a so-called good end, and the total want of guiding principle of Madame la Comtesse de Fontarce. There is another clever doubling in the characters of Lady Rawson and Mrs. John Redman, in which the softening influence of refined association is very well made out. Mrs. John and Lady Rawson are jolly, rollicking women of the same type, and neither well-born; but Lady Rawson is a lady in the conventional sense and does not offend, while Mrs. John is a vulgarian and offends at every turn. But the only difference between them is the superficial one of manner, and what the world would call good-breeding; for both are alike in selfishness, and the one is intrinsically as vulgar as the other. It is in these unexpected little masterstrokes, made in odd corners and on unlooked-for occasions, that the author shows to best advantage the keenness of observation running through the book.

*Which Shall It Be* is a character-novel rather than one of plot or striking incident. It is a bustling, active, good-tempered account of the joys and sorrows of a certain little human waif, Madeline Digby; full of action, yet without anything like intricacy of plot. We are told what Madeline suffered at the hands of her grim grandmother, "the respectable Redman," into whose spotless propriety she was thrust, like another "ugly duckling," unwelcome and misunderstood. We have her various little heartburnings and humiliations at the second-rate school

\* *Which Shall It Be?* A Novel. 3 vols. London: Bentley.

where she was placed to qualify herself for governessing; her Parisian experiences, and a glimpse at her life in the convent of Les Annonciades, but only a glimpse. We learn what befell her as a governess at the Grange, where Dudley Ashurst made love to her, and where she was not treated with insolence or contumely by her employers, Lord and Lady Templemore, according to the myth current concerning pretty young governesses with golden hair and tender voices, but, on the contrary, with the politeness due from gentlefolks to a gentlewoman; what further befell her when she and her limp friend Miss Foster set up housekeeping together in a second-floor in the New Road; what friends patronized her, what enemies assailed her, what triumphs flushed her, and what mortifications pained; and how, finally, she became possessed of some sixty thousand pounds and a brown-handed honest-hearted Scotch husband. This is the substance of the book, the charm of which lies in the piquancy and vividness of the various characters introduced, and in the sparkling vivacity with which the whole thing is managed, rather than in the story, or in any special picture. Still there is enough of story to keep up the interest, though it is not an interest of that breathless kind which drives you on to the last page with the irresistible power of suspense. All through one is quite sure that Madeline will come to no harm. She is too clever to give way to unbusiness-like impulses, and too true-hearted to do a deliberate wrong. She is safe—far safer than any other unprotected heroine with golden hair we have ever met with—because of that bold dash of common sense, and that odd something which just stops short of mercenary calculation, which render her so original. Had the story been more intricate, perhaps the subtle workings of the principal character would not have been so delicately rendered, and we should have had a heroine of the ordinary type, with one or two qualities strongly marked, instead of, as now, a complex but thoroughly natural character, all the more natural because of its complexity.

Two things are to be specially noted in this novel—the unvarying good temper of the author, and the total absence of all coarseness, even when the theme itself is dangerous, or the person delineated coarse. Had the subject been otherwise treated it would have been intolerable, but there is a nameless air of purity through the book as antiseptic as the heroine's own nature; and though there are several rather hard blows chiefly dealt against those unlucky sinners, men and husbands, yet there is no venom in them. It is fair and open fencing, but with the courtesy of *la haute école*, and the proprieties preserved even when blood is drawn. This is the Voltairean spirit which we spoke of at the outset—the spirit of one who thinks nothing worth much excitement one way or the other; who sees that men and women are horribly selfish, but also for the most part kindly-natured when not actively employed in self-seeking; who divides mankind into two equal parts of knaves and fools, with a very minor third of honest folk, but who does not think it necessary to rage at the knavery nor sneer at the folly, nor yet to become enthusiastic over the honesty. Indeed, there is a tender handling of moral weakness rather peculiar to this book, such as one sometimes sees in real life, combined with very calm and patient strength; while there is also a cynical indifference to wrong, and a matter-of-fact analysis of right, which could not exist with any earnestness or fixity of principle. This is the author's real danger. Men can neither paint pictures nor make books satisfactorily without a belief in some kind of principles outside themselves and worldly success. The clever, floating, foamy manner of looking at life may amuse, but it will not hold; and until we have settled something definite in our own minds, and have at least a few landmarks to guide us, we cannot do work of the highest order. This good-humoured cynicism, this careless indifference, is the ethical defect underlying *Which Shall It Be*—an ethical, not an artistic defect; and one which the ordinary reader will probably not discover. But it exists all the same, and will be this author's rock ahead unless carefully guarded against, or, rather, unless replaced by deeper earnestness and more settled convictions.

#### THUCYDIDES IN ENGLISH.\*

ONE of the great scholars and critics of the last generation was hard-hearted enough to assert that "to think that the Greek language is to be known by translation is to creep down to Margate in a steamboat, and return with an idea that we have seen the wonders of the deep." Possibly, had this worthy lived to discuss the numerous translations, good, bad, and indifferent, of the present day, he might have seen cause to modify his opinion. More or less, our later translators have made English readers conceive more clearly of the Greek Homer, and enabled them to catch a little of his spirit from faithful reproductions of his letter. So, too, with *Æschylus* and *Sophocles*, and other Greek poets; more or less progress has been made towards introducing them to the unclassical student by the medium of translation. In prose, however, fewer experiments have been made towards ascertaining how far an ancient master of it can be set before moderns as he appeared to his earliest readers, the matter of language alone excepted. Messrs. Church and Brodribb did indeed attempt the difficult task of reproducing *Tacitus* in terse and, to some extent, *Tacitean* English, in their translation of the *History*

about two years since. Otherwise we know of nothing very considerable in the way of recent prose translation. Yet surely prose should be more capable of imitation than poetry. The peculiarities of a Greek or Latin prose writer require pains, no doubt, to discern; but, when discerned, they must be as easily transferable into another tongue, if not with exactness, yet by compromise rather than licence, as the tangled and trammelled words and sentences of poetry.

It is with curiosity, then, that we take up a single book of *Thucydides* done into English by a young and promising Oxonian, and examine the estimate he has formed of the conditions of his task, as well as the manner in which he has executed it. There is some truth, of course, in what all translators, in common with Mr. Crawley, have to say about "the majesty and beauty of the original *Thucydides* and *Homer* consisting in appropriate thoughts expressed in suitably sounding words," and about their likeness to certain sweet odours which must evaporate in the process of translation. This may be incontrovertible, without its following of necessity that a translator is therefore justified in letting style and manner go by default if he can furnish an accurate *rechauffé* of the matter of the Greek. At the risk of being classed with "those critics who in the duty of fidelity to an author include that of fidelity to his idioms" (Pref. vii.), we venture to hold that the translator of *Thucydides* ought, as far as in him lies, to preserve the characteristics of his original, and to beware lest in the process of transmutation he spill all the oil out of the original vessel, and be driven to supply the vacuum with a thinner and cheaper substitute. Such verbal peculiarities of *Thucydides* as his use of neuter verbs, participles, adjectives, and pronouns, and involved syntactical combinations for single substantives, are perhaps incapable of adequate English presentment; and there may be no help for these but circumlocution and periphrasis. But the translator of *Thucydides* should not lose sight of the truth that that author's skill and power lie in his concentration of expression and character into few and forceful words, and that the way to copy him must be any other rather than that of dilution and expansion. We suspect, indeed, that to do justice in English translation to the great historian of the Peloponnesian war demands more study, thought, and time bestowed on experiments than is betokened in the version before us. He may be generally hard of transference to English canvases, and it is perhaps hopeless to try to grasp his special characteristics; but, if so, there is the more reason for avoiding the introduction of any opposite traits, lest a professed imitation of *Thucydides* should invite failure by giving prominence to peculiarities which no one can lay at the door of that writer. On this ground we must own to a little dissatisfaction with Mr. Crawley's performance. He may have some right to find fault with the unattractive and over-literal version of Mr. Dale, because it yields itself too implicitly to the leading-strings of the Greek; but that he has himself used his vaunted liberty in excess rather than otherwise, we shall be able to show by one or two illustrations. And here, let us give a word of merited praise to *Hobbes*, who, if now and then, through deficient scholarship, he misses the nice points of Greek construction, seldom fails of the main scope of a passage; and who, approaching his work in the spirit of a political historian, aims at force and directness with a wise adherence to the letter, where possible, of the original.

The well-known "*locus classicus*" where *Thucydides* states his practice as regards the speeches of the actors in his great historical drama, may serve to display the wide range allowed to themselves by translators when they have got over the "conscience clause" about fidelity to style and idiom. The 22nd chapter of the first book has no waste of words, and, to imitate it in point of terse brevity, our language is inferior to the Latin. Yet there is no reason for indulgence in wholesale breaking up of constructions in order to render into English such a sentence as *ἀλλ' ὥς τε αὐτὸς παρῆν, καὶ παρὰ τῶν ἄλλων ὅσον ἑαυτὸν ἀκριβεῖς ἐπεξέλεον*. Mr. Crawley fancies that the force of this is realized by the following waste of words:—"But it rests partly on what I saw myself, and partly on what others saw for me; the accuracy of their report being always tried by the most severe and detailed tests possible." Others, however, with deeper reverence for the original, will regard with greater favour the more truthful rendering of *Hobbes*:—

But only those wherewith I was myself present, and those of which, with all diligence, I had made particular inquiry.

In the same chapter, compare the two versions of the pregnant clause—

ἀλλ' ὥς ἱκαρίων τις τὸ νοῖος ἢ μνήμης ἔχοι.

But as they were affected towards the parts, or as they could remember.—*Hobbes*.

Arising sometimes from deficient memory, sometimes from deficient impartiality.—*Crawley*.

A sound taste will certainly prefer the succinctness of *Hobbes* to the less exact, if more sonorous, period of Mr. Crawley. But the last sentence of the chapter referred to affords the best contrast between the newest and oldest translators. We can but give the first and last words of the Greek. [*καὶ ἵς μὲν ἀποσπῶν . . . ἀκούων ἐνυκτεῖται*.]

The absence of romance in my history will, I fear, detract somewhat from its interest; but if the verdict of inquirers, who desire an exact knowledge of the past as an aid to the interpretation of the future, which in the course of things will resemble if it does not reflect it, shall pronounce it useful, I shall be content. In fine, I write to instruct posterity, not to amuse my contemporaries.—*Crawley*.

To hear this history rehearsed, for that there be inserted in it no fables, shall be perhaps not delightful. But he that desires to look into the truth

\* *The History of the Peloponnesian War*. By *Thucydides*. Book I. Done into English by Richard Crawley, of University College, Oxon. Oxford and London: James Parker & Co. 1866.



of things done, and which (according to the condition of humanity) may be done again—or at least their like—he shall find enough herein to make him think it profitable. And it is compiled rather as an everlasting possession than to be rehearsed as a prize.—Hobbes.

Now here, with the exception of the last sentence, which is a misinterpretation, although endorsed by Dr. Arnold, Mr. Crawley's translation is awkward and long-drawn-out. The involution of relative clauses in it has no resemblance to the structure of the sentence by Thucydides, and readers will turn to the elder translator for the historian's mind and expression. The last sentence is simply borrowed from Arnold's running commentary, and misses withal the true sense, which is given by Hobbes. What Thucydides meant to say was that his work was written as a lasting study, not as a prize essay for immediate effect. The antithesis is not so much between "posterity" and "contemporaries" as between "a history to be kept by one and read over and over again" and "a stray composition to attract a single audience." This is clearly shown by Dr. Donaldson, *Lit. Greece*, ii. p. 126, note 2. Of this whole passage, in truth, if we may except a little obscurity as to the meaning of ἀρκούντως ἔχει, the best presentment is given by Hobbes.

Passages might be cited from the speeches to show that Mr. Crawley's favourite expedient for securing lucidity is expansion, and we are not prepared to say that he is not sometimes successful; but he should consider whether the same end might not be attained without the sacrifice of Thucydidean compression, if more midnight oil were expended on a just admixture of imitation of style with the fair claims of readable English. Paraphrase and translation are different things. Take the following sentence as an instance of Mr. Crawley's proportion of English to Greek:—ὁ γὰρ Δακτύλιος τὰς μεταμύλιας λαμβάνων ἐκ τοῦ χαρίζεσθαι τοῖς ἐναντίοις ἀσφαλιστάτος ἂν διατελοῖν (i. 34). The Greek words are fourteen in number; Mr. Crawley spins out the sense into thirty-two or thirty-three; whilst Hobbes achieves it in eighteen, and Dale in seventeen. A lesson of moderation herein might be learnt from Mr. Grote, who, reproducing in his history the closing chapter of the speech of Archidamus, abridges his undoubted liberty of paraphrase, and is seen as a faithful translator. It is the professed translator, it seems, who is to make the widest deviations from the text, while the unfettered historian sees the force and beauty of succinctness. To our thinking, in the following instance the avowed and the unavowed translators change places. (Thuc. i. 84.) καὶ μὴ τὰ ἀρχαία . . . λόγῳ διαμαρτάνει:—

Not being overwise in unprofitable accomplishments, we Spartans are not given to disparage our enemy's strength in clever speech, and then meet him with shortcomings in reality. We think that the capacity of neighbouring states is much on a par, and that the chances in reserve for both parties are too uncertain to be discriminated beforehand by speech.—Grote.

And we are brought up not to be too knowing in useless matters—such as the knowledge which can give a specious criticism of an enemy's plans in theory, but fails to assail them with equal success in practice—but are taught to consider the plans of our enemies to be as the freaks of chance, not definable by calculation.—Crawley.

And yet this is one of the places where Mr. Crawley is rather unliteral than paraphrastic.

It is not, however, only in the matter of using many words instead of few that Mr. Crawley runs off the right track. If there is one thing more than another with which an intimate study of Thucydides might teach us to deal cautiously, it is the treatment of metaphors where they appear in his writings, and the use of them where they do not, for the supposed purpose of helping the sense or giving grace to the translation. In Savage Landor's *Pericles and Aspasia* (Letter cxliv.), Pericles is represented as communicating to his mistress this criticism upon their historian-contemporary:—"You commend our historian for his discretion in metaphors. Not indeed that his language is without them, but that they are rare, distinct, and impressive." What would the author of these imaginary Letters have thought of such unlicensed metaphorism as the following specimen, which professes to represent a sentence from the appeal of the Corecyean envoys—(ὅταν ἐκ τὸν μέλλοντα καὶ ὅσον ἐν παρόντα πόλεμον τὸ αὐτίκα περισκοπῶν ἐνδοιάζῃ χωρίον προελαβεῖν):—"If at a time when you are anxiously scanning the horizon, that you may be in readiness for the breaking of the cloud which even now overshadows it, you hesitate to attach to your side, &c." Setting aside the unlikelihood that Thucydides, whose principle was to put into each speaker's mouth the words most suited to that speaker's genius, would have decked out the desperately earnest arguments of the Corecyreans with such high-flown talk about horizons and clouds and the like, is it not worse than irrelevancy to encumber a professed representation of an author's matter with ornament which he did not use in the particular passage, and of which he was at all times remarkably chary? Thucydides tells his tale, and frames his speech, without any waste of words; and if we could call him from the shades to arbitrate between his latest translator and the old philosopher of Malmesbury, we cannot doubt that his decision would be in favour of the writer who translates a simple sentence such as τὸ τε ἀμείνων ἢ χεῖρον ἐν τῷ ἀφανί ἐτι προαῖρα μάχιστα, "Also he foresaw, no man better, what was best or worst in any case that was doubtful"; and not of him who more ambitiously turns it, "He could also excellently divine the good and evil which lay hid in the womb of the future." Of a piece with this fondness for adorning his English with some extraneous idea which occurs to him at the instant of writing, is Mr. Crawley's dislike to let so plain a phrase as οὐκ ἴσσαν ἀμάλως χωρῆσαι go into such naked English as "proceeding no less incomprehensibly" or "uncer-

tainly"; a dislike which shows itself in his making Pericles talk fine about "the course of things proceeding in no less arbitrary an orbit." What young translators most need is reverence for the mighty dead whom they would resuscitate.

In rendering mere words, too, Mr. Crawley seems to us too fond of what may be called "young Englandisms." Occasionally he appears to forget that he is putting words into the mouth of an envoy from Corecyra or Corinth, a blunt Lacedæmonian, or a persuasive Athenian. All alike talk after the fashion of embryo "Union" orators. Thus ἐν ἀδύχηματι θέσονται comes out "You will be accused of political immorality"; κατὰ χώραν is "in statu quo". Where the Corecyreans say of a certain state of things that it is a hard case (δυσὸν), Mr. Crawley makes them say it is simply monstrous! We almost wonder he did not write "an awful nuisance." Sometimes a phrase, such as ὡς ἡκιστα τὰ οἰκία φέβειν, suffers loss of dignity by being translated into "a great wish to save their own pockets"; but oftener forcible words are changed into diffuse grandiloquence. E.g. αἰσροχιδάζειν τὰ δεινὰ is "the faculty of intuitively meeting an emergency," not, as Hobbes terms it, "to tell what was fit to be done on a sudden."

To do Mr. Crawley justice, he is more successful in level passages, such as the chapters about the early state of Hellas. When not tempted to ambitious writing, as in the account of the dawn of civilization in the reign of Minos, and of the system of piracy from which Minos freed the Ægean, his language is pleasing, and his style lively. In these he does justice to the theory of translation; elsewhere he must be regarded rather as a paraphrast. And where his work bears this latter character, one suspects that inclination has "kicked the beam" while he has been weighing laborious closeness against easy latitude. His scholarship is commendably sound, which is all the more reason for our wishing him stricter views as to translation. For honest work, for vigorous translation, though the English is here and there old-fashioned, and for general soundness, though now and then there is a screw loose in the Greek, commend us to the Thucydides of Hobbes.

JERKS IN FROM SHORT-LEG.\*

THE sadness of English festivity, or at any rate its gloominess, has long been proverbial across the Channel. While we have introduced the name of sport into the Parisian vocabulary, we have contrived to invest the idea with so much solemnity that the notion of play is almost an incongruous one in connection with it. The "national game" is as serious as any other, and a newspaper column devoted to the details of a cricket-match is generally about as lively as one which deals with the money-market. We still talk of cricket as a game, and the umpires call "play" at the beginning of the innings; but there are many people who laugh at Reform Bills, and would even make fun of Convocation, who would be shocked by indecorous levity on the part of a bowler or wicket-keeper. When the first ball has been delivered it is generally felt that the business of life has begun for the day, and the well-balanced mind turns from more trivial subjects to the consideration of the bowler's twist. Not that the realm of fancy is wholly excluded from conversation, but it will be found to be less out of place if it bears chiefly on the subject in hand. Cricket-puzzles are perhaps the furthest limit to which the imagination can profitably be directed. Meditation may be brought to bear upon that curious problem whether, when the ball is returned by the wicket-keeper, the batsman at the bowler's end is bound to be back in his ground on pain of losing his wicket; or, if not, why every man under the circumstances invariably tries to be so? Or, again, such questions may be discussed as the following:—May a batsman, when running, secretly pocket the balls, and so escape a "run out" when there is no time to remove a stump from the ground; or, if not, by what law is he forbidden to do it? Is a ball wide which is bowled towards cover-point, and never passes the line of the opposite wicket? Is a ball fairly caught which lodges in the umpire's pocket, and is taken out of it by one of the field? Or, once more, there is that delightful case of conscience which is said to have presented itself to one of the most celebrated cricketers of the last generation during his sleeping moments, and to have fairly driven him into a nightmare. It is a "tie" in the second innings of a match; a "no ball" is bowled, and played to the hands of a fieldsman, who throws down the wicket before the batsman can recover his ground. Is the game won, and is the "no ball" to be scored? The beauty of the problem consists in the fact that the man is clearly out, and that no run can be scored off the hit when the striker is run out in the first run; but then, on the other hand, the fact of his being out, and the run being therefore not gained, obliges the original "no ball" to be scored, so that the match is won already. But, sophistically rejoin the outside, if the match was won, the hitter was not out, which is contrary to the hypothesis. With suchlike casuistry it is not amiss to relieve the mind during the intervals of play, provided that the attention be not unduly diverted from the legitimate business before it. But it may fairly be questioned whether the daring theory of the book before us can be true, that the most serious subjects admit occasionally of a humorous treatment, and that even cricket has its sportive and mirthful side. It is true that the work is solid enough in some parts, and some of the chapters are as weighty as if they had been written by the Secretary of the Marylebone Club himself; but there is a tone of

\* Jerks in from Short-Leg. By Quid. Illustrated by W. H. Du Bellieu, Esq. London: Harrison. 1866.

levity through the book which, if not actually culpable, is at any rate not without danger. If "Short-Leg" once begins to jerk in his fun like this, who can say that the infection may not spread into the slips?

"Short-Leg," however, has in his very first chapter something to say which is worth attending to, whether solemnly or mirthfully delivered. In a great many senses, cricket is not what it was; and apart from the degeneracy of the age, which indeed may be as reasonably thought to extend to cricket-matches as to port wine, there are some definite complaints which are made by sensible people, and deserve to be sensibly examined. The relation of cricket to its "professionals" is just now on a very unsatisfactory footing. In the first place, there is a "strike" among the players of the North of England. Most of the Cambridgeshire and Nottingham men—the crack players, that is, of the Northern counties—refuse to play at all under the patronage of the Surrey Club, or to do battle on any terms with the players of the South. The strike originates in a dispute on which we will not enlarge, for many reasons, one of them being that its history is quite unintelligible; but it is a very pretty strike as it goes, and but for the circumstance that cricket can go on very well whether the Nottingham men play or not, it would have every chance of being successful. As it is, indeed, it is inconvenient, and the managers of the "Canterbury week" are driven to their wits' ends to devise matches which will attract the sightseers to the ground, when it is known that some of the best men are as sulky and as impracticable as Achilles. This particular quarrel, however, is but a surface phenomenon, and the root of the matter lies a little deeper. The public are getting terribly dependent upon the professionals. Good bowling is becoming more and more rare among gentlemen, for the simple reason that the number of professors increases fast, and the gentlemen will not take the trouble of bowling to one another if they can pay other people to do it for them. Hence a first-rate match can hardly be played without professionals to bowl, and indeed Middlesex is the only first-rate county in the eleven in which the number of gentlemen exceeds the number of players. Thus the players become masters of the situation, and are able, if not to dictate their terms, at least to endeavour to do so. Nor is this all. Cricket is getting, as is well said, speculative; and the really good county struggles are swamped by the increasing and now almost overwhelming tide of second-rate matches played against twenty-two in the field, which, set on foot as they are in most cases simply for the gain of some country publican, spoil cricket as a science, and dilute it as a recreation. What is to be done? The remedy lies with individual cricketers, and not with the great clubs. Let the patrons of the game throughout the country do what they can to help *bona fide* clubs, and discourage vagrant "Elevens of England"; let them assist village to contend with village, and county with county; let them join in no disputes, and treat professional players as men who simply do a day's work for a day's wages; and they will do something to restore a more healthy tone in the organism of English cricket.

But such matters of high policy are not those which chiefly suit the genius of "Short-Leg." He has much to say, with the help of suitable pictures, upon the field, the umpires, and the grounds. Very judicious are his remarks on the filling of the various places in which an Eleven are to figure. "Point" he considers to be a nice conversational post, with a good many easy chances, and ready excuses for those which are too "hot." "If you have many candidates," he tells the captain, "*prefer the stoutest*." "Cover-point" must be the most active man of all, and one who will try for every chance; but for "long off" and "long on" must be had, above everything, "a man that can stoop." "Don't put a stout man in either place, and invariably here, if nowhere else, sew up the pockets." Of course for "long-leg" are chosen the men who can throw, and for wicket-keeper those who have any hereditary talent for the post. As for "short-leg," as might be anticipated, the place must be filled by "a cheerful man"; and the portrait of the model cheerful man is given, as with the other types of perfect fieldsmen. Is it possible that here—the only place in the volume—we detect a caricature? Whether this be an exception to the general rule or not, the abstinence from caricature in other instances is very creditable; and the pencil which, in the chapter on French cricket, could so elegantly portray "M. Alphonse (dit le Sabreur, or Slasher)" and "M. Framboisy (dit l'Inébranlable, the Steady)" must have been sorely tempted at times to take off some of the real attitudes and unmistakable figures with which Lord's and the Oval might supply him. But "Short-Leg," whatever he is, is genteel. His "jerks in" may be mixed with levity, but they do not transgress decorum. So far removed is he from vulgarity that we are convinced that, when he comes to take his innings, even the balls that he strikes as a batsman will move in the very highest circles.

Perhaps it is not the business of the writer of a humorous book to touch on every point in the practice of cricket which needs reform, but there is one subject upon which it is much to be wished that our author had laid a little more stress. We said above that cricket is becoming, in his own words, speculative; and this is true, even in a further sense than that in which he intends it. It is a serious fact that the game is slowly being spoilt by the growth of betting. There are, indeed, limits to the practice. That umpires shall not bet on a match for which they are engaged is one of the laws of cricket, and the rule is never known to be transgressed. The game, too, is believed to be

always fairly played. It is for the interest of the players, for the sake of their own reputation, to do the best that they can; and to lose a wicket or bowl a "wide" on purpose would be a thing so unwise that there is never even a suspicion of it in the minds of the lookers-on. We can remember but one single instance in the last twenty years in which there has been as much as a rumour that a match has been thrown away for the sake of winning a bet. But, independently of unfair play, which nevertheless is a danger that might in process of time grow more imminent, it will be a very serious injury to the game if its issue becomes more and more a matter of money. Already the odds are almost as widely known, and as readily given and taken, on a great match as on a horse-race, and the real interest of the cricket itself cannot but fall into the background when hundreds of pounds are depending upon the event of a missed catch or an ill-stopped shooter. The betting is not chiefly, nor even largely, in the hands of the men who play; it is the outsiders, who often know nothing of the game, who for the most part lay their money on the issue. But it is becoming the bounden duty of every one who wishes to keep cricket a game, and not a speculation, to constitute himself personally into an Association for Total Abstinence from Betting on Cricket. It is not an affair of morality, or at least that is not the precise object with which we urge the movement. It is in the cause of the game itself that we write, and from a conviction that the winning of a match is a matter already of sufficient interest, and a success which ought to be its own reward. There are some little matters besides this on which we should have desired to say something. The expenses of a match are, we think, rather higher than in most cases they need be, and the game is in danger of falling too much into the hands of those who can afford to play it luxuriously. The question of time, again, is one which needs reform. The almost universal waste of the hour from eleven to twelve is a loss which is much to be deplored, and is clearly traceable to the necessity which the professionals feel for some more rest, while, playing every day of the week, than an ordinary person would need who makes cricket not a business but a pastime. But the remedy for such things as these is more easy to find, and the mischief must in time heal itself. With regard to the other evil of which we have spoken, it does clearly seem to require some real and determined exertion on the part of those who are the leaders of the cricketing world.

#### COLLIER'S ACCOUNT OF RARE BOOKS.\*

A BOOK like this of Mr. Collier's brings forcibly home to the mind what a wonderful variety there is in different men's tastes, and moreover what a gain it is that there should be that variety. A man like Mr. Collier, who apparently loves books for their own sake, purely as books, seems a marvel to people who value books for the information to be got from them, for their purely literary merit, or for their value as illustrating the development of language. Mr. Collier has spent nearly sixty years in learning, we doubt not, everything that is to be learned about the English books written in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. These he rather oddly calls "early English literature." The mass of books which he has collected for himself or examined in the libraries of others, and which he seems not only to have examined but really to have read, is something utterly amazing. Of course they consist of all sorts, good, bad, and indifferent, and the memory of most of them has utterly perished. Now this sort of study is a calling of itself. To a man who follows any special pursuit most of Mr. Collier's treasures would have no value whatever. Even the special historian of literature would not care for more than a few here and there. Such a special historian comes nearer to Mr. Collier's pursuit than the student of political history, of art, or of science, though their pursuits are widely different. For such an historian of literature Mr. Collier collects the raw material. He gathers it all together, both wheat and tares, not exactly without distinguishing the wheat from the tares, but certainly in some cases valuing the tares as much as the wheat. Mr. Collier is by no means devoid of criticism, and he does not at all think himself bound to admire every old book that he lights upon. But a book, merely as a book, has an interest in his eyes which it has not in the eyes of even the purely literary historian. A rare book, however worthless, has a value with him simply because it is rare. But we must carefully distinguish Mr. Collier from the mere bibliomaniac. There are some people to whom the outside of a book is at least as interesting as the inside, who take a delight in possessing a rare book, a rare edition of a book, a copy distinguished by some unique peculiarity, while, as for reading the book or caring anything as to the literary value of its contents, that never enters their heads. Mr. Collier is many degrees above this state of mind. As we have said, he really reads his books, and brings an intelligent criticism to bear upon their contents. But still he clearly values his materials for their own sake, without any attempt to group them together, or to use them for any purpose of inference or illustration. He is, in short, a literary antiquary, and he stands in the same relation to an historian of literature in which an antiquary of any other class stands to an historian of that class. He is like a numismatist, who

\* A Bibliographical and Critical Account of the Rarest Books in the English Language, alphabetically arranged, which, during the last Fifty Years, have come under the observation of J. Payne Collier, F.S.A. 2 vols. London: Joseph Lilly. 1865.



collects coins and values them for their own sake, but who does not use them to prove anything, as compared with an historian who makes use of the coins as among his most valuable materials, but to whom they are valuable simply as materials, as one source of information out of many. Now to the historian of literature a pioneer like Mr. Collier is of the greatest use. Such an historian would look through Mr. Collier's collection, and see at once, from Mr. Collier's account, what books would be useful for his purpose and what would not. A catalogue like Mr. Collier's serves the same purpose for its own peculiar subject which a Calendar of State Papers serves for certain other purposes. And even those whose subjects are less directly connected with Mr. Collier's labours than those of the literary historian will still pick up a good deal here and there. He would be a bold man who sat down to read right through the two thick volumes of Mr. Collier's alphabetical catalogue. But by looking out any special article, or merely by turning the leaves, any one will constantly light on curious and interesting matter, and ever and anon on something which illustrates his own pursuit, whatever that pursuit may be.

Here and there, among Mr. Collier's curiosities, we light upon real pieces of history. Here, for instance, is "The Lamentation of a Christ against the City of London, for some certain greates Vices used therein." The vices of London are not a new subject. In the twelfth century, when William Fitzstephen set forth the excellences of the Londoners, the Sabine virtue of their wives, and so forth, Richard of the Devises was ready with the general proposition, "nemo in ea [London] sine crimine vivit," and went on to illustrate this wide text by a list of all crimes, possible and impossible, as all being life among the abandoned citizens. To be sure it is a French Jew who says it all, but when we find the same Jew go on to extol Winchester as an earthly paradise, and its citizens as so angelic that their example almost persuaded him to be a Christian, we may be sure that the English monk was speaking with all earnestness under the mask of the French Jew. But the wickedness of London over which our Christian lamented was of another sort. He made his moan in the year 1548; at least that is the year of publication, for the tract must have been written at least a year sooner, as it speaks of Henry the Eighth as King. Moral offences are indeed hinted at; the lamenting Christian threatens to expose the bad lives of certain aldermen; but the great charge against the City is the obstinacy with which the citizens still clung to the old religion. They stuck fast in their idolatry; they would not have even so much reformation as their gracious Sovereign King Henry allowed them. They would have nothing to say to the English Bible. The "seniors or aldermen" refuse to receive it, just as the Jews refuse to receive Christ. The citizens make a "blind provision for the dead," while they neglect the bodies and souls of the living; idle priests and friars pocket their money, while the poor are left to starve. Now the mention of friars is important; it seems to show that charitable persons then, as they were said to do in Spain some time back, maintained or helped the ejected monks and friars—the lamenting Christian was not likely to be particular as to the distinctions of religious orders—and their bounty was set down among the vices of the City. It is clear then that the citizens stuck to the old faith and the old ceremonies, and the writer would seem almost to imply that they had a hankering after the Pope and were less loyal to the Supreme Head of the Church than they should have been. They had not given up their devotion to St. Thomas of Canterbury, and the writers insinuate that they would like to make some new saints of the same kind. "I thinke wythin few years they wyll (wythout thy greate merrey) call upon Thomas Wolsey, late Cardynale, and upon the unholy (I should saye) holy mayde of Kent; why not, as well as upon Tho. Becket?" This specimen seems to show that the tract is of real historical value, and the special student of the sixteenth century would probably be glad to see it in full. When we remember the bitter hatred towards the clergy with which the London citizens are charged earlier in Henry's reign, this description seems to point to a certain reaction of feeling. At the same time, as in dealing with all descriptions of large classes of men, we must remember that both descriptions are probably overcharged, both no doubt true of a large portion, and both no doubt false if asserted of the whole body without exception. Even in the time of Richard of the Devises, the learned men, the monks, and the Jews of London were to some extent free from the prevailing contagion, though even they were less perfect than members of the same classes elsewhere.

Again, bearing on a somewhat later time, we have in 1569 a tract by Thomas Norton, "To the Quenes Majesties poore deceived Subjectes of the North Countrey, drawn into rebellion by the Earles of Northumberland and Westmorland." This Thomas Norton is of course quite another person from the Thomas Norton who had a hand in the rebellion, and who was executed for it the same year. Perhaps he wrote his loyal tract partly to hinder any mistakes as to his identity. This Norton was a London citizen, a barrister, City Remembrancer, and member of Parliament for the City, a strong Puritan, and vigorous pamphleteer, much employed by Burghley, Walsingham, and Hatton. He was joint author with Lord Buckhurst of our first blank verse tragedy, but he had no sympathy for the lighter forms of dramatic representation. He complains of the "unchaste, shamelesse, and unnaturall tomlinghe of the Italian women." On this, as a theatrical matter, Mr. Collier naturally waxes learned, and tells us that this is the only distinct evidence for the sex of certain Italian tumblers who are mentioned elsewhere. We suspect that in some states of

society the distinction between dancing and tumbling is not very accurately drawn. At least we have seen medieval illuminations in which the daughter of Herodias dances very much after the manner of Hippocleides.

The "Tales and Jestes" of Hugh Peters, and a libellous Life of him, hardly amount to history, but they illustrate the political feelings of the time of the Restoration. Mr. Collier uses the Life to show that the players at the Blackfriars and Globe Theatres were called "Shakespeare's Company," that that company was not a "common society," and that it was looked on as promotion to be removed to it from such a common society.

Elsewhere we get a doggerel attack on Bonner by one Lemeke Avale, if that be his real name—"A Commemoration or Dirige of Bastarde Edmonde Boner, alias Sauage, usurped Bischoppe of London," 1569. Its chief object was to show that "Bonner, like Tunstal, by his bastardy was disqualified from being Bishop." This matter may be left to Dr. Maitland. If Bonner's mother was no better than she should be, how was it that Ridley received her daily with such respect, set her above all other guests, and called her "my Mother Bonner"?

John Coke, in a tract of 1549, expresses a vigorous wish, that might satisfy even Mr. Froude, that "every enemy of England may be boiled in a cauldron, like the maid in Smithfield for poisoning her master."

In estimating the extent of Mr. Collier's labours, we must not forget that his favourite dramatic subjects are excluded of set purpose. Nothing is allowed in these volumes that at all bears on Shakespeare or his fellows except quite incidentally, like the bit in the Life of Hugh Peters.

We will end with the opinion of Chapman, the translator of Homer, as to the respective merits of English and Italian:—

And for our tongue, that still is so empayrde  
By travailing linguists, I can prove it cleere  
That no tongue hath the Muses utterance heynde  
For verse, and that sweet musique to the care  
Strooke out of rime, so naturally as this:  
Our monosyllables so kindly fall  
And meete, opposde in rime, as they did kisse.  
French and Italian, most immetricall:  
Their many syllables in harsh collision  
Fall as they brake their necks: their bastard rimes  
Saluting as they just'd in transition,  
And set our teeth on edge, nor tunes nor times  
Kept in their falls. And, methinkes, their long words  
Shewe in shorte verse, as in a narrow place  
Two opposites should meet with two-hand swords,  
Unwieldily, without or use or grace.

#### JEWITT'S RELIQUARY.\*

SINCE we last noticed this very well-conducted journal, two more volumes have been completed. We may congratulate Mr. Jewitt, the editor, on his continued success in obtaining so large a proportion of valuable papers among the miscellaneous contents of his *Reliquary*. We observe, indeed, that some of his contributors go very far afield in foraging for available matter, and that the magazine is less closely connected than it used to be with those North-Midland counties to which Derby (where it is printed, and where its editor resides) is a kind of capital. This change, though not much to be wondered at, is certainly to be regretted, and that for two chief reasons. In the first place, as a matter of reference, who would think of looking in this particular series of volumes for papers on the Cutlers' Guild of Thaxted, or on the Annals of Lismore, County Waterford? Such essays are practically buried, and not enshrined, in the *Reliquary*. On the other hand, no antiquary or genealogist will fail to remember that this journal is a perfectly invaluable repository for facts connected with Derbyshire, Staffordshire, and the immediately adjoining counties. Its indexes, which are admirably compiled, will be perpetually referred to by all who seek for archaeological information about persons, places, or things belonging to that part of England. Then, again, it is of some importance that local magazines, such as this, should not only gather up from their own ground all local legends, folk lore, and illustrations of the manners and customs of past generations, but also that they should not unduly poach (so to say) on other manors. It is quite surprising how much interesting matter Mr. Jewitt has brought together from a neighbourhood which is, to say the least, not richer in antiquities or historical associations than other parts of England. It seems to be a pretty safe inference that other counties, not yet possessing a *Reliquary*, would supply abundant materials for such a periodical. And therefore we rather regret that Essex, Sussex, or Irish antiquaries do not reserve their communications for a local organ. Mr. Jewitt would do well, we think, to labour more exclusively at home in North-Midland archaeology, and to persuade his foreign correspondents to start Reliquaries of their own in their several districts.

We propose to confine our remarks on the contents of the two volumes now before us to such papers as deal exclusively with Derbyshire and Staffordshire antiquities. Under this head we notice some very excellent communications by Mr. William Beresford. This gentleman describes various districts with which he is evidently intimately acquainted, and places on record many curious traditions and ancient customs now rapidly disappearing. Such appears to be the begging soul cake, a practice still existing

\* *The Reliquary, Quarterly Archaeological Journal and Review*. Edited by Llewellyn Jewitt, F.S.A. Vols. IV. and V. London: J. R. Smith. 1864-5.

in the village of Bosley, in North Staffordshire. The Christmas mummings, who perpetuate the memory of the old miracle-plays in the grotesque representation of what is called "St. George and the Turk," are common in the whole moorland region and (we believe) in some other parts of rural England. This writer also informs us that until a comparatively recent period the church at Wincle was neither paved nor flagged, but covered with rushes, which were renewed annually, on a certain Sunday in July (thence called Rushbearing Sunday), with great rejoicings and festivities. Mr. Beresford describes at some length the ancient forests of Macclesfield, Lyme, and Leek. It was of this district that the Davenportes were master-foresters under the Earls of Chester. And to this office is due the strange crest borne by that family—"On a wreath, a felon's head couped proper, haltered or"—implying that the chief forester had power of life and death over thieves and rogues within his jurisdiction. It seems that this official claimed a fee of two shillings and a salmon for each master-robber that he hanged, and twelve pence for each member of his band. The beautiful hill called, somewhat unpoetically, Shutlingslow, is the most conspicuous feature of this mountainous district. Mr. Beresford tells us that there is a spring of water at its very top. There are many weird stories told of this remote and desolate moorland tract. Not the least horrible is one which relates that certain of the inhabitants of a particular valley, who were called the Meg Lane Gang, not only waylaid and murdered travellers, but roasted and ate them. A curious cavern, known as Ludechurch, in a hill called the Back Forest, is also said to have been the scene of many lawless and cruel deeds. On an exposed and bleak upland of this wild region stands a village called Flash—so named, it is said, from the *flashing* out of its whitewashed cottages to all the country round. In this place, strange to say, a thriving manufacture of buttons grew up, about two centuries ago, which flourished till Birmingham, with its machinery, undersold the poor mountaineers. The buttons were made of wood, dyed in the mineral springs of the neighbourhood, and covered with cloth by the women. They were hawked over the country by the men of the place, who, by their wild ways and roving habits, became known everywhere as Flashmen, and so introduced the word "flash" into the slang vocabulary. We take leave of Mr. Beresford with some regret that he has not told us all he knew of the "Bosley Boggart," a ghost which was fully believed in but a very few years ago. He says that the legends about it are too "low" for the pages of the *Reliquary*. Other curious pieces of folk lore are contributed by Mr. Brushfield, from his recollections of Ashford-in-the-Water, in Derbyshire. Such, for instance, is the practice of sugar-cupping on Easter Sunday. People used to go on the morning of that festival to a neighbouring spring, called the Sinners' Well, in a natural grotto, and drink the water in cups containing sugar. A similar custom was observed at Tissington, in the same county. Mr. Brushfield also testifies that the oatake, when laid for leavening, was always till lately marked with a cross, as a spell against evil influences. At Ashford in particular, a kind of monstrous gnomes called Hobthursts, supposed to inhabit certain caves in Monsal Dale, were thought to be very malevolent, and to hinder churning in particular. The sports of Shrove Tuesday were seldom so innocent among the peasantry of the remoter parts of England as in Mr. Brushfield's pretty village, where the custom still survives that an unmarried man may kiss the first unengaged young lady whom he meets on that morning. Mr. Sleigh, who communicates some curious extracts from early parochial registers, mentions a deed of 1320, which recites that one John Wolfhurst held a house and lands at Wormhill, "by the service of chasing and taking all wolves that should come into the King's forest of the Peak." This antiquary has also contributed a copious list of Derbyshire provincialisms. But we notice that many of the words and expressions which he sets down are common to the rest of England. One North-Midland word, and a very expressive one, "nook-shooting," meaning "to cross a field diagonally from corner to corner," does not occur in this vocabulary. Among curious Christian names, that of *Anniee*, for a female, is commemorated by Mr. Sleigh. This name still survives in some parts of England; though it is not seldom corrupted, by those who do not know better, into the more common Alice.

The prehistoric or British antiquities of the High Peak find a very able expositor in these pages, in the person of Mr. Samuel Carrington, who was the late Mr. Bateman's condutor in most of his excavations of the Celtic, Romano-British, or Saxon tumuli which abound among the Derbyshire and Staffordshire highlands. Mr. Carrington gives a full description of a curious barrow, of very unusual shape, called Long-Low, near Wetton, in the latter county. Referring to a review of our own on Mr. Bateman's last volume, in which we expressed some surprise at the abundance of the sepulchral memorials of chieftains and people of rank in the barrows of the Peak, Mr. Carrington replies that in early times these hills, barren and bleak as they were, were preferable to the bogs and marshes of the neighbouring plains as places of residence. He supposes, in short, that the ancient Britons were more thickly planted on the hills than on the lowlands. This we cannot bring ourselves to believe; but the idea is very characteristic of one who is a highlander himself. We observe, besides an illustrated paper by Mr. Lucas, on a tumulus at Tissington (where an Anglo-Saxon interment has taken place over a Celtic one which was on the original level of the ground), a description by Mr. Carrington of a Celtic grave-mound at Throwley, on the river Manifold. This, like all the earliest barrows, is of earth alone, although stone was abundant close

at hand. The writer here offers a suggestion, which we cannot adopt—namely, that it was not uncommon among the earliest inhabitants of this district to slay an infant, whose mother might have chanced to die, in order to save the trouble of taking care of it. Surely it is more reasonable to imagine that, in cases where the bones of an adult and a child are found together, either the mother died in childbirth or that the child died from want of the most valuable of Mr. Carrington's communications is one which describes the remains of a Romano-British village discovered by himself at Wetton, in Staffordshire. The dwellings here were almost invariably paved with rough flat limestones. Their inhabitants must have lived in a state of inconceivable filth, for the floors were found to be strewn with ashes, charcoal, broken pottery, the teeth and bones of animals that had been used for food—such as the ox, deer, horse, and hog, and innumerable bones of rats, which probably acted as scavengers among all this refuse. In most of these houses fires had been lighted promiscuously on the limestone floor, which was almost always calcined; but occasionally there seems to have been a fireplace. Querns and boulders of grit-stone, brought from some distance, abound among the ruins of this Romano-British village. These dwellings seem to have been sustained by wooden posts at the four corners, and are clearly later than the conical shaped huts which were used by the Celtic population during an earlier era. We conclude our notice of these interesting volumes with an extract upon which the Editor of the *Reliquary* asks, and (as it seems) asks in vain, for explanation. A correspondent communicates this advertisement, which he cut out of the *Daily Telegraph*—

A Reward of Twenty Pounds will be given to any person who can remove a Wool Dust, which has injured health, and still remains in the house.—Address to S. J. G., 7 Belvedere Road, Lambeth, S.

What in the world is a Wool Dust?

#### NOTICE.

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-agent, on the day of publication.

Cloth Cases for Binding all the Volumes may be had at the Office, price 2s. each. Also, Reading Cases, price 2s. 6d. each.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

##### NATIONAL ASSOCIATION for the PROMOTION of SOCIAL SCIENCE.

The TENTH ANNUAL MEETING will be held in Manchester, from Wednesday the 3rd to Wednesday the 16th of October, 1866.

President—The Earl of SHAFTESBURY, K.G.

President of the Council—Lord BROUGHAM.

General Secretary—GEORGE WOODYATT HASTINGS.

Secretary—Rev. WALTER L. CLAY, M.A. Foreign Secretary—JOHN WESTLAKE.

Local Secretaries.

J. W. MACLURE. HERBERT PHILLIPS. The Rev. S. A. STEINTHAL.

##### ORDER OF PROCEEDINGS.

Wednesday, October 3: 12.30 p.m. Council Meeting in the Barristers' Library, Assize Courts.—3.30 p.m. Special Service in the Cathedral. Sermon by the Rev. Canon Robinson.—7.30 p.m. Inaugural Address by the Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G., in the Free Trade Hall.  
Thursday: 10 a.m. Address from the President of the Council, Lord Brougham.—8 p.m. Soiree in the Assize Courts.—8.30 p.m. Address from David Dudley Field, Esq., on the New York Code, in the Civil Court; and a Conference on Reformatory and Industrial Schools, in the Criminal Court.

Friday: 10 a.m. Address from the President of the Jurisprudence Department, the Hon. George Osborn, Q.C., M.P.—8 p.m. Working Men's Meeting in the Free Trade Hall.

Saturday: 10 a.m. Address from the President of the Education Department, the Right Hon. H. Austin Bruce, M.P.—Excursion to Salford Bridge, near Whalley, on occasion of the Opening there of a New Co-operative Cotton Mill.—Musical Performance in the Botanical Gardens.—3 p.m. Opening of a New Branch of the Manchester Free Library.

Monday: 10 a.m. Address from the President of the Health Department, William Farr, Esq., M.D., F.R.S.—8 p.m. Soiree in the Assize Courts.

Tuesday: 10 a.m. Address from the President of the Economy and Trade Department, Sir James Kay Shuttleworth, Bart.—6.30 p.m. Banquet in the Central Hall of the Assize Courts.

Wednesday: 10 a.m. Council Meeting in the Barristers' Library.—1 p.m. Concluding Meeting of Members and Associates in the Civil Court.—Excursion to the Co-operative Establishment in Rochdale.

The Presidential Addresses will be given in the Civil Court. The Departments will sit in the various rooms assigned to them in the Assize Courts from 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. on the 4th, 5th, 8th, and 9th of October, and from 11 a.m. to 2 p.m. on Saturday, 6th.

TICKETS.—Members' Tickets, admitting to the Annual Meeting, and entitling them to a copy of the "Transactions," 21s. Associates' Tickets, only admitting to the Annual Meeting, 15s. Transferable, for Ladies only, 15s.

Societies and other public bodies may become Corporate Members on payment of Two Guineas, which will entitle them to be represented by Three Delegates, and to receive a copy of the "Transactions."

On all the chief Railways, Return Tickets to Manchester for the Congress will be issued at a Single Fare, on production of a printed Voucher, which may be had on application. For further information apply at the General Office, Adam Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.; or the Local Office, 3 Essex Chambers, Essex Street, Manchester.

##### UNIVERSITY of EDINBURGH.—The SESSION will

commence on Thursday, November 1, 1866. Full details as to Classes, Examinations, Degrees, &c., in the Faculties of Arts, Divinity, Law, and Medicine, together with a List of the General Council, will be found in the "Edinburgh University Calendar, 1866-67," published by Messrs. MACLACHLAN & STEWART, South Bridge, Edinburgh. Price 2s. 6d.; per post, 3s. 9d.

By Order of the Senate,

ALEX. SMITH, Secretary of the University.

##### ROYAL SCHOOL of MINES, Jermyn Street, London.

The SIXTEENTH SESSION will commence on Monday, October 1. Prospectuses of the Course of Study may be had on application to the Registrar.

TRENHAM REEKS, Registrar.

##### ST. PETER'S COLLEGIATE SCHOOL, Eaton Square, S.W.,

is situated within King's Coll. Lond. Head-Master—Rev. B. W. GIBSON, M.A., B.D., F.C.S., F.G.S. The THIRD and LAST TERM (Fee, 4 to 5 Guineas) commences on Tuesday. This Institution has been successful in the Middle Class Examinations, and a recent Senior, a fourth, and an Eighth Wrangler here received their entire schooling situation commanding and airy.